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MISS ALICE HUGHES.

MRS. HARLEY AND CHILD.

52, Gower Street



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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A REVOLUTION . . . IN WHEAT.

IT would be impossible to attach too much importance to the extraordinary change in the sources from which our wheat supply is drawn. We drew attention to it last week in our farm notes, but since then, while the facts have been confirmed by the figures of the Board of Trade, American statisticians have been exercised to account for them. The general verdict is that this change is not merely accidental and transient, but indicates the coming on of a new set of conditions. Let us for a moment look at the facts. For many years—practically speaking, since about 1880—we have been dependent for the greater portion of our wheat supply on the United States of America. There were not wanting economists, even ten or fifteen years ago, to prophesy that this could not endure. It is an old law that population always tends to advance beyond the limits of its food supply, and the population of the United States has more than a natural growth. It is constantly being recruited from the countries of the Old World. The consequence is that America has made a noteworthy approach to the time when it will be able to consume its own wheat. While up to 1903 it had, practically speaking, supplied the demand from Great Britain, last year it sent us only a third of what came from Argentina, and less than a third of what we obtained from British India, while its exportation was much more than doubled by Russia. Now there is little to account for the shrinkage except increased consuming power. The export price during 1904—it should be noted, by the by, that we speak of the fiscal year, which ends on June 30th—has averaged higher than that of any year since 1892, and the

crop was larger than the average of the preceding five years. We are justified, therefore, in asserting that it was neither the low price nor a bad harvest which caused the diminution, though it must be admitted that these factors count for something. In Argentina and in India they are managing to grow their wheat more cheaply than in the United States, and the Yankees are being undersold in the market. It is quite evident that there could not be such a jump in consumption as would account for a falling off of 82,000,000 bushels in one year. And, again, the other wheat-producing countries of the world had an extra good crop. Nevertheless, when all due allowance is made for these contributory causes, the shrinkage still remains a very striking and important fact.

To say what this means to the United States is not very easy. A well-known fact in economics is that the money for exports is seldom paid in bullion, but returns to the country in the shape of goods. Thus, if a nation can send out a very large quantity of agricultural produce, which means food for man and beast, it is almost bound to have a wide commercial connection; but when it stops doing that, a crisis of one kind or another must come. We have had experience of that in England, and the stoppage of our exportation of foodstuffs certainly did not bring with it any decline in the national prosperity. But then England has always been a country that pursued the practical policy of adapting itself to the needs of the moment. It has never been dominated by theory or idealism, as, for example, has been the case with France. It will be interesting to notice if our cousins across the Atlantic will, under stress of circumstances, develop the same amount of adaptability. There are many courses open to them. For example, the wheat-growing capacity of the land has not by any means been exhausted, but then the new areas which could be brought under the plough are all more or less difficult of cultivation. The reason for their having been neglected so long is either that the land is not suitable, or the difficulties of transport are too great. In other words, the soil will grow wheat, but not to yield a profit on the price paid for exporting grain. Throughout the United States there is a general feeling among farmers that the margin of profit on cereals has been too low, and, as a matter of fact, many of the more enterprising farmers have been turning their attention to other kinds of crops, such as fruit, dairy products, and livestock. We have to set against this the other circumstance, that vast tracts of land have recently been brought under the plough in the Argentine, in India, in Russia, and in Canada, so that there is no immediate prospect of the price going up. An exact parallel might be drawn between England and America in this respect. During the Peninsular War it paid English farmers to bring land of all sorts under the plough, and the furrow-marks still may be seen on down and common that now have gone back to pasture. But the thermometer which tells the farmer at what economical temperature, so to speak, he should begin to cultivate poor land, is the price of wheat. When war prices prevailed, he brought in waste and down; when prices fell, owing to the importation, he let the less fertile land go back to grass. So it is with America. If prices were to rise, the supplies would increase; if they fall, then the exportation will shrink, as it has been shrinking.

In the opinion of Americans themselves, the wheat area of the United States is not likely to expand. Much of it has been exhausted by overcropping, and a great deal of land has increased in value as the places got settled up, so that if the soil is cultivated a better return is expected than wheat will yield. The state of things is creating much alarm among the great mill-owners, who have constructed huge buildings, furnished with an expensive plant for the purpose of grinding wheat and sending it to Europe. These, to a large extent, have either been thrown idle, or had their output very considerably reduced. Probably in the end they will have to turn their attention to some other form of industry. And now as regards England, it will be interesting to consider what the probable effects are likely to be. In the first place, it is far from being a misfortune that we are thrown on the resources of the Empire, and the growth in the production of wheat by Canada and India is as satisfactory as could be desired. Outside of our colonies we still have two considerable sources of supply. One is Russia, the agriculture of which has been extremely well done during the last few years. The organisation that has gone to the huge increase of Russia's food exportation must be marvellous. Our other important source of supply is the Argentine; but for the purpose of this argument Argentina might as well be one of our colonies. It is to a great extent run by English capital, and the land is farmed by English hands; so that, in a sense, what we pay to Argentina we are giving to our own people.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Harley and her child. Mrs. Harley is the daughter of Sir William Henry Holland, M.P.



As we write again this week Port Arthur is still holding out, although the hour of its downfall is still rapidly approaching. It seems to us, whether the result be immediate or be delayed a little longer, that the Czar is missing a golden opportunity. A time seems to have come when, without any derogation to the honour of Russia, he might order that brave man General Stoessel to capitulate. The defence of the place in the opinion of all strategists has become hopeless. There is no longer any chance of relief arriving in time from Kuropatkin's army, and still less from the Baltic Fleet, which cannot reach the scene of operations for several weeks to come. Both the defence and the attack have been conducted bravely, and the Japanese are sufficiently magnanimous to allow the garrison to march out with all the honours of war, while the most captious critic would never blame the Russians for having yielded at last. On the other hand, it would be a great saving of innocent lives. Even if the officers themselves preferred death to surrender, they still ought to think of the thousands who are with them, and whom it is, as we write, still possible to save from calamity.

It would appear that we are in the way of arriving at a satisfactory settlement of the dispute with Russia. The terms of the Convention have been accepted by both parties, and, as it is simply impossible that investigation should show that the warships had the slightest excuse for firing on the trawlers, the issue cannot be regarded as in doubt. Foreign opinion, which has been rightly described as resembling that of posterity, is that England has acted throughout the crisis with a moderation that was full of dignity and not lacking in courage. Nobody in this country desired war. In fact, the opinion was frankly expressed on all sides that it would be better if we could avoid a quarrel with the Government of the Czar; but, at the same time, there was no man of any party or of any standing who was not resolved either that justice should be done to the survivors of the calamity by the Russians, or that this country should take punishment into its own hands. However, the example of referring this to International arbitration is an excellent one, and we hope it will be followed as far as possible in the disputes of the future. After all, the bloody and cruel war in the Far East is an object-lesson that should incline the more civilised West to the ways of peace.

Mrs. K. Daly, who for some eight years has been engaged in medical work at Cabul, has told a representative of Reuter's Agency some interesting things about the state of opinion in that part of the world. She seems to be under no doubt that, in her own words, "Russian agents have made determined efforts to get into closer touch with the Ameer, and soon after the present Ameer came to the throne presents of Russian guns and ammunition were refused by the Afghan Government." She is under the impression, however, that the feeling of the common people favours closer connection with Great Britain rather than with Russia. The Court seems to owe something to the Royal wife of the late Ameer. She is of great beauty, and exercises much influence. Her sympathies are distinctly British. By the by, Mrs. Daly throws a curious light on the inside of the harem, where, it seems, the various wives of the present Ameer are engaged in homely and everyday tasks, such as making children's clothes with a sewing-machine. It sounds somewhat prosaic after the glowing accounts which some of our poets have given of the voluptuous idleness of the harem.

The red tape by which the Army has been governed is curiously exemplified by the issue of an order allowing the private £3 for new "dentures" provided his teeth be out of order. Of course, toothache might become a sad interference with a man's efficiency; but it is a remediable ill, and, considering how difficult it is to get recruits in these days, one would have thought that the Government might long ago have thought of the arrangement now put into force. A man's strength and sight are not seriously injured by his teeth. There are other

regulations in force now which were drawn up at the time when personal prowess counted far more than it does just now, and which might with advantage be improved upon. We need healthy and active men for the Army, and whether a man be 6ft. or 4ft. in stature makes no difference whatever when he pulls a trigger.

The first of the elections that have taken place in Italy are of good omen for the renewed stability of that country. The party of revolution and disorder has been severely defeated as far as the results are known, and when the remaining elections are held on Sunday it is improbable that the total result will differ from that which is now recorded. The revolutionary parties at the first election lost twenty-four constituencies, and what is of most importance is that the defeats occurred to a great extent in those large towns in which the riots took place last September. The Socialist leader, Signor Ferri, who stood for forty constituencies, was elected only in one, that of Gonzaga in the Province of Mantua, and as it is there that his property is situated, it was but natural that he should have many personal adherents; but in the country at large he has received a well-deserved rebuff. One satisfactory feature of the elections is the return of many members of the highest Italian aristocracy, such as the Duke of Torlonia and Prince Borghese, along with whom are several of the great merchant princes of Italy. These men may be trusted to check the vagaries of the extremists.

IN A CONVENT CEMETERY.

You rest in peace 'mid these familiar ways:
Beside your graves a carved Crucifix stands
As though to guard that silent sleeping-place
With its bowed Head and pitying outstretched Hands
And sorrowing Face.

The world knows not your quiet sepulchres
Each set with strip of spangled grass between:
Your requiem the sound of singing firs,
You lived and died—life calm and death serene—
God's prisoners! ISABEL CLARKE.

The President of the Royal Institute of British Architects delivered a most interesting address at the opening of the session on Monday last. After reviewing the events of the last year, he gave a most interesting disquisition on the taste, or lack of taste, of the British public at the present moment. The remarks had special applicability to London, where buildings are erected without any attention being paid to uniformity or general appearance. In every main thoroughfare the same state of things may be seen. Here and there a structure that is really in good taste, and a fine example of fine architectural work, is to be found, but it is usually set in the midst of other buildings that have been evidently designed by people who work on the most mechanical principles, and set up by competitive contract. As Mr. Belcher pointed out, the condition of the suburbs is even worse, and threatens to become a source of danger to the capital. Very small houses are massed together, and in many instances are overcrowded, so that the air passing over the area occupied by the suburbs is tainted before it reaches the denser portions of the town. Outer London, therefore, offers a serious menace to inner London, and the town is indebted to Mr. Belcher for taking the first steps towards remedying the evil by pointing it out.

It may be worth while to draw a little special attention to a letter from Colonel Knollys in *The Times* of November 1st relative to the ancient buildings at Philæ and elsewhere in Egypt. There has been a widely expressed, and perhaps not very fully instructed, fear that many of these most interesting monuments of antiquity are in danger of being submerged, or at least of being sapped at their foundations, by the general rise of water effected by the barrages on the Nile. Colonel Knollys' letter gives a very satisfactory reassurance on the point. He notes that £28,000 has been spent on the protection of the temples at Philæ alone, in consequence of the danger to which they are subjected from the barrage at Assouan, and this striking fact may be accepted as evidence that in general the ancient buildings are not likely to suffer from neglect. What will suffer, as Colonel Knollys observes, are the trees surrounding them, so that they will no longer be seen in the beautiful setting of the palms, which so many pictures have made familiar, even to those who have not visited the temples. The value of the barrage in averting the risk of famine is, as Colonel Knollys' letter indicates, practically beyond computation.

Englishmen are always ready to give credit where credit is due for brave achievement, and always have been very willing to give highest credit of this kind to pioneers in Arctic or Antarctic discovery, whether of British or any other nationality. It has ever been somewhat of an effort, however, for the stay-at-home man to comprehend the circumstances of the very undoubted

hardships that are endured, and the undoubtedly brave deeds that are done by these adventurers in the Polar regions. Sir Clements Markham, in opening the exhibition of drawings, photographs, and gear of the recent visit of the *Discovery*, under Captain Scott, to the Antarctic Ocean, made the claim that no previous expedition of the kind had ever been accompanied by so talented an artist with the brush as Dr. Edward Wilson, or with the camera as Mr. Skelton. The drawings and photographs now exhibited in the Bruton Galleries in Bruton Street are by these artists in their respective lines, and probably there is a better opportunity given here than the Londoner has ever had before of forming a just idea of the conditions of the life of those whose spirit of enterprise or scientific zeal leads them on these expeditions into Polar seas.

A striking and encouraging picture of the regeneration of the Egyptian Soudan is presented by the latest report on the work of the Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum. In May last, when the principal of the college forwarded his report, there were more than fifty students of good Arab families in the department for training judges and schoolmasters, and it was expected that by the autumn there would be nearly eighty. In the primary school there are about 150 boys who are looking forward either to commissions in the native battalions or to some minor post under Government. In the workshops of the college they are given practical training in handicrafts which will enable them to do valuable work in developing the irrigation and agriculture of the districts to which they return, and the keenness and interest of all the pupils is said to be very marked. Not the least valuable part of the work of the college lies in its laboratories, which, like the workshops, are the gift of a private donor. They have already the practical achievement of their credit of having freed Khartoum from the fever-bearing mosquito, and are doing valuable work in studying the insect and vegetable enemies of agriculture in the Upper Nile region.

The recently-published report on the population of France in 1903 brings out again the noticeable fact that the only parts of the country where the birth-rate is satisfactorily high are those in which the population is not of the regular French stock. The annual total of births exceeds that of deaths by more than a narrow percentage only, broadly speaking, among the Breton population of the north-west and along the Belgian frontier, where the people are Flemish by blood and largely still by language. It is true that in the department of the Nord the returns for this particular year show a considerable drop, but there is no reason to suppose that this is more than a temporary fluctuation. Outside these two regions a rise in the annual birth-rate is shown only in Corsica and in the Vosges, where the population is again not strictly French. Statistics published in Germany almost simultaneously show that while the birth-rate of the whole empire stands at a much higher figure than that of its western neighbour, in several of the largest towns, including Berlin, the birth-rate has declined in the last thirty years by very nearly a half. But in Cologne and various other great towns the rate still continues to increase considerably.

Mr. John Burns's lecture at Manchester on "Labour and Drink," which was one of the Lees and Raper Memorial Lectures, may be expected to have some really salutary effects. As a rule the well-meant efforts of the temperance lecturer produce little but the smile of tolerance. Generally the temperance lecturer is of a class superior to the poor whose national vice, as it is called, he is denouncing. We all know for a fact that we have no exclusive national property in the vice of drunkenness, but that fact makes its effects no less formidable. Mr. John Burns's position as a lecturer to the people is exceptional. He is, as he is justly proud of telling the people, himself of the people. He is of their own class. Human nature and society are so constituted that no class cares much for any criticism coming from another class, and hence the general indifference of the poor to the remarks of the average temperance lecturer. Mr. Burns speaks to them from their own level, knowing both their virtues and their failings and temptations with an intimate knowledge, and assuredly he speaks with no uncertain voice in his denunciation of all the misery and all the poverty that the drink brings with it. The advocates of temperance will do well to give this lecture a wide circulation.

Scares fostered by the sensational section of the Press succeed one another with such rapidity that they are generally forgotten before they have time to be discredited. The exhibition of the boot trade recently opened at the Agricultural Hall is consequently worth attention, as showing how British firms have held their own with perfect success in the face of the attempts of American manufacturers to capture our home markets, which were so extravagantly advertised two or three years ago. The flourish of trumpets with which this attempt was ushered in

merely defeated its own object, so far as the American traders themselves were concerned, for it effectually roused up their opponents to fight them on their own ground. New machinery has been introduced, and old methods superseded when they were proved to be actually inferior to the new, and the trade is now securely in the possession of the home manufacturers. Their actual product may not be in many cases of first-class quality, for it is impossible in the case of shoe-leather to combine good quality with the cheapness which the popular taste demands before everything. But the public is at least getting what it wants, and it is getting it from British factories.

In the *Contemporary Review* for the present month there is an article which we recommend to the consideration of our readers. It is called "Agricultural Research in England," and the writer is Mr. A. D. Hall. One of the points made by him is that, while we are immensely proud of the experimental farm established by Sir John Bennett Lawes in Hertfordshire, we forget how much more attention has been given by other countries to this fascinating field of enquiry. In Germany, Prussia alone has some nine experimental farms of the very first order, and in the United States there is an enormous organisation for this purpose. Each State has an experimental station, for which it receives from the Federal Government an annual subvention of £3,000, in addition to the supplementary grants assigned by the estate itself. These stations are independent of the agricultural colleges, and of the Washington Department of Agriculture, which itself spends about £94,000 a year in experiments. He is of opinion that with the expenditure at such a high scale as it is in England, scientific enquiry could soon be translated into pounds, shillings, and pence, and he concludes with a plea that the work begun by Lawes and Gilbert should not be allowed to lapse for the sake of a few hundred pounds.

THE RINGERS.

Of winter nights the lads do go
Up into tower and ring out
The "calling bell," so's all may know
By token, wut they be about.
First sweep the floor and put the light
Up over head in niche in wall,
While up drough trap heads come in sight,
And coats be hung up girt an' small.
The loops took down, the virst your stand
Awaiting on the treble bell,
An' he by stamp do gie command
To start, and keep 'um ringing well.
The thick wold walls do heave an' rock
For all the worl' like ship at sea,
For so they mus' to stand the shock:
(You'm safe enough up here wi' we).
Just bide an' hearken—all around
The air zims quivering wi' the strokes
That, beating, hammering, swinging, sound
A last Good-night to sleepy volks.

BLUE VINNEY.

The Church dispute in Scotland is leading to many unseemly exhibitions, of which that at Dalkeith on Sunday may be cited as a typical example. When Mr. Brown, the minister, arrived at the church he found the pulpit already occupied by another, whom the opposition members of the congregation had brought to conduct the service. However, Mr. Brown managed to get into his place, and went through the service, though when it came to singing, the "opposition members remained seated and quiet while the others joined in." He afterwards announced that communion would be celebrated, but it had to be abandoned because the church officer refused to open the hall door. We hope for the fair fame of the Scottish Church that something will be done to put an end to these discreditable wranglings. They cannot but end in injury both to manners and religion.

It is not to be said that the season just concluded has been on the whole a very satisfactory one for the salmon-fisher. As a rule rivers have been low throughout the year, or high only for a day or two at a time, running down very quickly. Not only at home, but also in Norway, these conditions have prevailed. The Norwegian season, or the season when the fishing was at all good, was a very short one. In our own rivers there has been much complaint of a deficiency in the run of grilse. On the other hand, towards the end of the angling, we hear of the big fish running up in large numbers to spawn; running, at all events, so far as the lower spawning beds, which and which only these later running heavy fish use. Few of their number came to the angler's lines, but it is of good augury for future prospects that they should have been seen so numerous.

THE HARBOUR BAR.

THE exquisitely beautiful photographs which we reproduce with this article might serve as a text for a moralisation on the old truth that beauty lies in the eye of the observer. One hears people talk sometimes of the view

from a particular point as being charming, lovely, exquisite, and on going to it a sense of depression comes with the inability to see what others have found so delightful. It requires favourable conditions of light and shade and circumstance to make it so. We might take as an example the famous path through the Trossachs in the Highlands of Scotland. Probably there is no scene in the world which is so attractive to the lover of landscape, yet we have seen it under certain dreary clouds when it was positively repulsive. Indeed, more than even light and shade go towards the appreciation of beauty. There is something in the spirit itself of the onlooker, something, too, in the memories with which the place is associated. Take a fair landscape, such as you may find in many parts of England, with its fertile fields laid out and surrounded by hedges, with its farms nestling cosily among trees, above which the smoke is curling, with its long horizons and its mysterious belts of wood. One man may find in it nothing save what causes him to rejoice. To another it brings up a feeling of regret, a pathos that is not only akin to pain, but pain itself. Very often this is the case with a landscape that has been loved in youth and is revisited in later years. Nothing has changed in the actual aspect

of the earth. Not a flower that bloomed before is absent now, not a sinuous turn of the brook, not a gleam of a pool of water has altered, but in the course of a generation the human beings that used to inhabit the place have nearly all

passed away, so that visions of scenes long dead and done with mix with the reflections of wood and hill, and the ghosts of departed men and women hover over buildings where their successors are amassing new associations. Now the difference is

not wholly an imaginary one, as will be clear to anyone who will fancy two painters setting to work to make pictures from the same landscape. One sees only the fruitfulness and exceeding beauty of the earth, and renders it all joyously, as Wordsworth would have done; but the mind of the other is permeated with a consciousness of the change and decay ever proceeding on the earth. He sees the generations trooping before him from life to death, and naturally his mind seizes on those points in the landscape which most poignantly suggest these ideas; and thus two quite opposite pictures are produced from the same material, because the spiritual eye of the one sees something altogether different from the spiritual eye of the other. And, again, where sentiments of this kind do not intrude, an almost equal difference is often manifested. Go up into high moorland country, and the impression will largely be formed not by external Nature, but by the mood within you. One day the bare, barren hills, the land where no one walks, where even the dumb creatures can scarcely pick up food enough to keep them alive, fill you only with a sense of bleak dreariness. Such scenery must have produced this feeling up to quite a late period. Until at least the later part of the eighteenth cen-



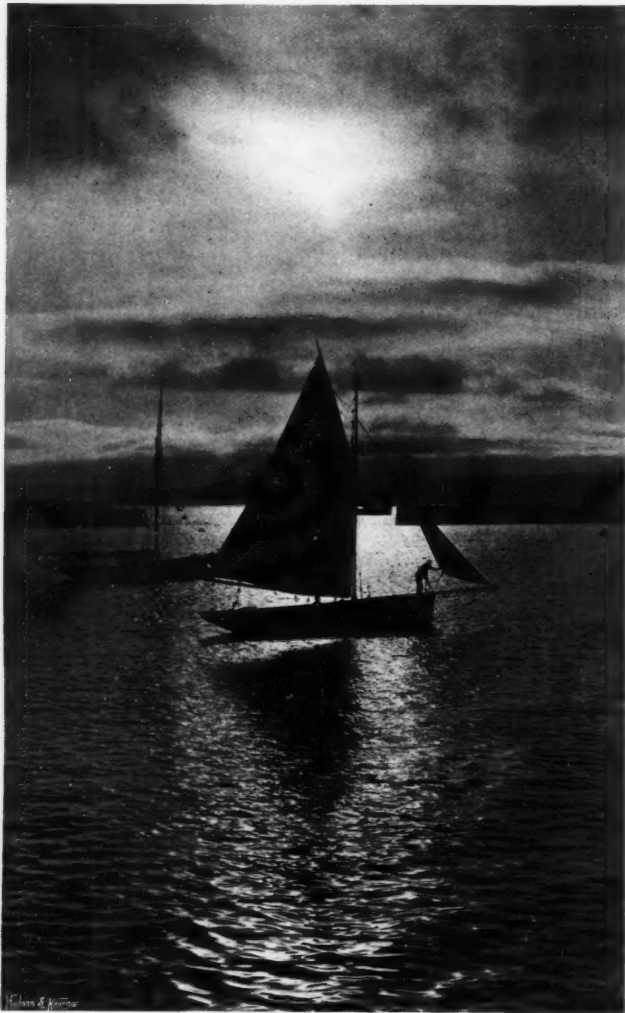
C. S. Mason.

RIPPLES OF LIGHT.

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tury, poets, who ever have been ardent lovers of landscape, looked upon the wild hills with a feeling akin to horror. Burns, for instance, who had the cloud-capped Goatfell before him day after day, and high mountain ranges behind,

has never a word to say of their picturesqueness. He saw the beauty of the flowing brook and the grassy lea, the woodland and the pasture, where heather fringed the grass; but the beauty of the mountains never seems to have been understood by him, and his was certainly one of the most natural minds of his or of any other time. Here it is the human lot that mingles with the sensuous impression, and although we may be unaware of it, down in the sub-conscious part of the mind where the deepest thoughts spring, we know that this expanse of uncultivated land means hardship and want and suffering to the army of human toilers. At other times, however, by a certain exultation of feeling we seem to eliminate the human being altogether from the equation. The mountain view then brings home to us in a lively manner the eternal greatness of a universe in which man is scarcely more than a microscopic figure; his loves and his passions, his joys and his sorrows, count for less than the fortunes of one emmet in the million that go to make an ant-heap. In face of the vastness with which we are brought into contact, the sense of mystery that lies, as Wordsworth so finely says, "in the light of setting suns," the knowledge

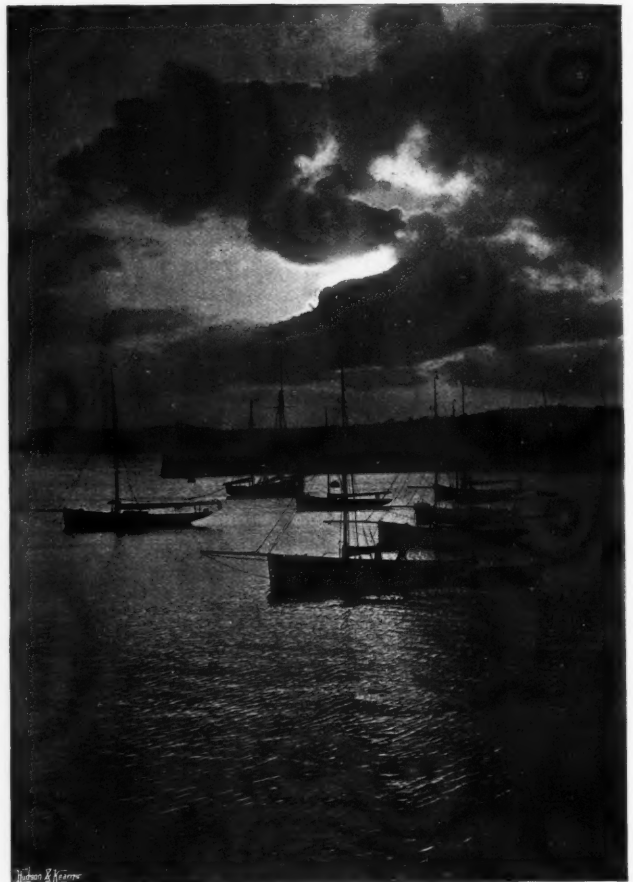


C. S. Mason. *A FRESHENING BREEZE.*

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of gigantic and unrestrained force that in a sense blows over the world, humanity passes wholly out of consideration. We are confronted with what develops the angelic in all of us, viz., the eternal facts of the universe. Thus, again, in painting such a scene, the human interest often overshadows all else, whereas at other times we forget it, realising the greatness and awfulness of universal Nature, and the invincible and immeasurable unseen forces which have created man and which might again blast him at a breath.

And of water all this is more true than it is of the land. Take the river Thames itself, "the mother of dead dogs," as Carlyle called it, and at times it seems the most hideous of created things, muddy and filthy water flowing down amongst squalid workshops, vulgar advertisements, and ugly buildings. We speak of it not in its upper reaches, but as it passes through the capital. Yet even here Nature, with a touch that is almost magical, can produce beauty out of this unpromising material. With a light haze she casts enchantment over the banks that look so sordid. With her delicate and beautiful light she transforms everything into a dreamlike beauty, and often even in

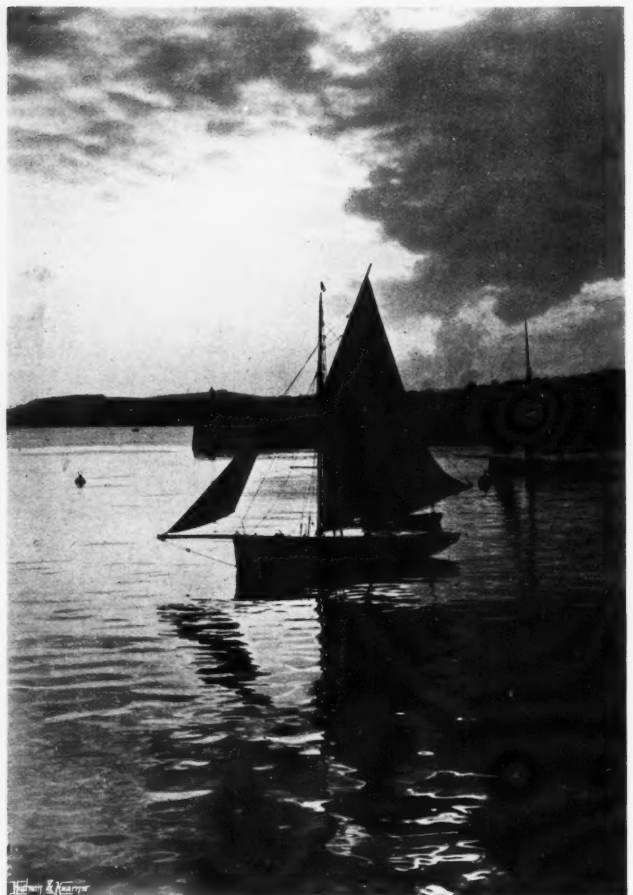


C. S. Mason.

A TROUBLED SKY.

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middle day the eye that can see may behold an exquisite picture in the ancient river; while, at dusk or at early dawn, no one could help recognising the glamour that Wordsworth so well described in his sonnet written on Westminster Bridge. All this may appear to be a very long introduction to our harbour pictures; but what we have been trying to do is to develop a

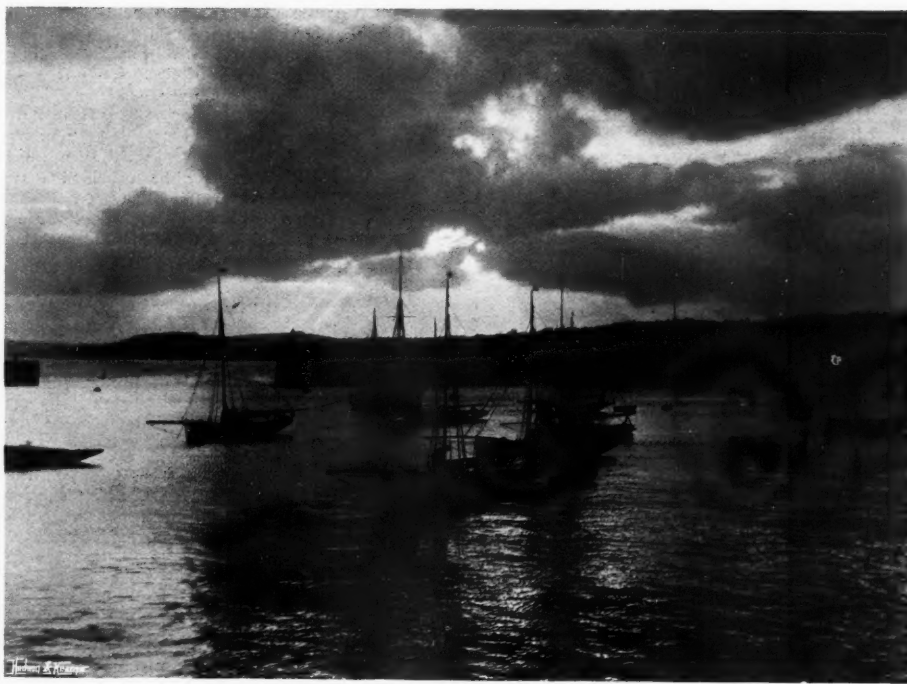


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EVENING SHADOWS.

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principle that will apply universally. Torquay is, no doubt, interesting and beautiful; yet we can bear testimony to the fact that very commonplace illustrations can be made of it, because, as we imagine, many a one goes there taking its beauty as a matter which has been settled before, and, as it were, a something intrinsic. Acting on this knowledge, it would appear to be certain that, if a truthful picture can be made of it, the picture must be beautiful, since the original is beautiful. Were that indeed so, pictorial art, whether done by the hand or the camera, would be a purely mechanical one. All that would be required would be to tell the practitioner what scene was worth reproducing,

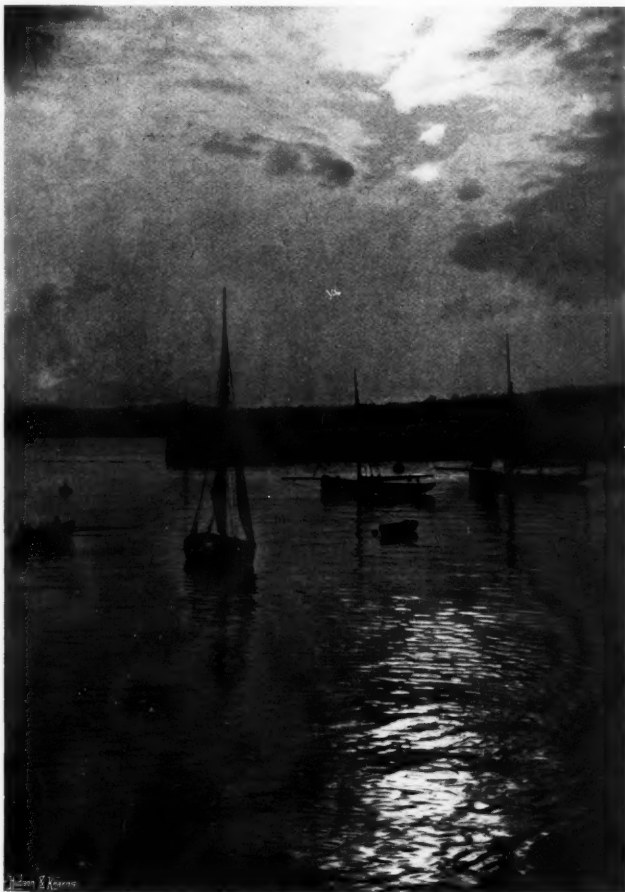


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AT ANCHOR.

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There is scarcely anything in this universe, be it either the work of man or the work of Nature, that is not under certain circumstances beautiful, and to draw hard-and-fast lines, and say that such and such a thing spoils the country, is absurd. By the late Mr. Ruskin it was denounced as a crime akin to blasphemy that people should build railways and run engines and trains through the secluded Highland glens. Yet now, after the lines have been established for some years, it is impossible for anyone, with a frank and honest mind, to deny that there are times when the train running along the side of a wild Highland mountain has a charm of its own. In comparison with a sailing vessel a steamship is decidedly ugly. It does not possess the grace of white sails and cordage which make so fine a picture of a sailing vessel, yet with the proper light and distance a steamer, ploughing its way over the blue sea and leaving a wreathing tail of smoke behind it, is undoubtedly picturesque. The boats in our harbour are so exquisitely charming that one can scarcely conceive of their being anything else; yet how much of that is owing to the skill of the artist. There are thousands of people who might have passed by and failed

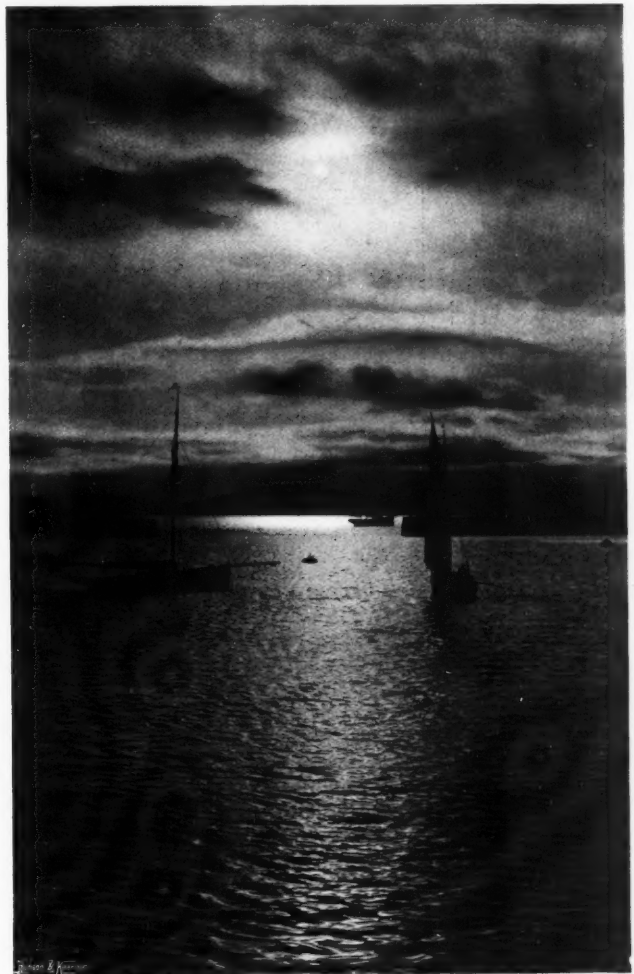


C. S. Mason.

IN THE HARBOUR.

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and he could go and do it. We know that nothing of the kind is possible. The most exquisite handiwork of Nature has to be seen and probably watched until the proper light falls upon it. Then when we take into consideration the works of man, the ships and boats that pass upon the water, if we are commonplace ourselves they also will be commonplace. Only the eye that has been trained to see and to wait for sight will recognise those fleeting moments in which the handiwork of man and that of Nature come into an exquisite and beautiful harmony, making a transient offer of a picture that will be ever lovely and ever memorable. It is the artist who catches it; it is the mechanical operator who lets it slip by and be lost.



C. S. Mason.

GETTING UNDER WAY.

Copyright

altogether to catch the possibilities of the scene. There are thousands of others who, under the most favourable circumstances, would not have been able to recognise it; but the first quality of an artist is to be able to see a picture, and till he does that it is hopeless to attempt its materialisation on paper or canvas.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"FLEET STREET in a tall hat" might serve as an alternative title to *Fifty Years of Fleet Street; being the Life and Recollections of*

Sir John R. Robinson (Macmillan), compiled and edited by Frederick Moy Thomas. Bohemia is not a large country, and yet it is subdivided into districts and territories which have very little connection one with another, and it is curiously possible to read through this body of recollections and miss altogether the names of many of the most significant figures in the journalism of the last half century. In fact, the result is almost to create an impression that the *Daily News* has been somewhat of an outsider, despite the splendid traditions that Charles Dickens bequeathed to it. Of course, Sir John Robinson from his youth walked in the strict and narrow path. His father was, in his day, a popular Congregationalist minister at Witham, and, probably, when young Robinson came up to town to be a journalist, he was led by taste and temperament to avoid those gay resorts of the true Bohemians of letters, the regiment that never was listed. It may be as well to say at the beginning that, though his book of recollections is extremely interesting in itself, it is

also more extremely respectable than it would have been if the author had been one of what is known in colloquial parlance as the "Fleet Street crowd." He worked his way up with the diligence and good conduct of a model apprentice. There are, however, a number of excellent good stories illustrative of the changes that have taken place in our generation. Sir John was in the habit of noting the humours and characteristics of the people with whom he came into contact, and here will be found many a witty and pleasant story. Here is one, for instance, of bribery as it used to be conducted in the good old days before the franchise was extended:

"A past-master in the art of political corruption went down to a certain borough, with a large sum of money in gold in his pocket, for the furtherance of the interests of one of the rival candidates. In the parlour of the principal inn he met a select body of electors of the sort known to be ready for a bargain. 'I have to inform you, gentlemen,' he said, 'that there is to be no bribery on our side in this election.' ('Hear, hear!' from the free independent ones, accompanied by a chuckle.) 'For my part I do not intend to give away one penny piece.' (Awful silence and consternation; this was beyond a joke.) 'However,' he added, 'I'm sadly afraid there are some d—l rascals in the room, and that presently they will put me on the table and take 500 sovereigns out of my pocket.' The speaker, it need hardly be said, was on the table in a trice, and his pockets were relieved as he had feared they would be."

Here is another story, told about an unhappy man who had a difficulty in unbosoming himself:

"A friend tried to help him by explaining what were his claims upon the attention of the audience. 'I do not think,' said the friend, 'that you know who Mr. — is. His father was Baron —.' Here a voice interrupted the speaker with: 'It's a pity his mother wasn't.'"

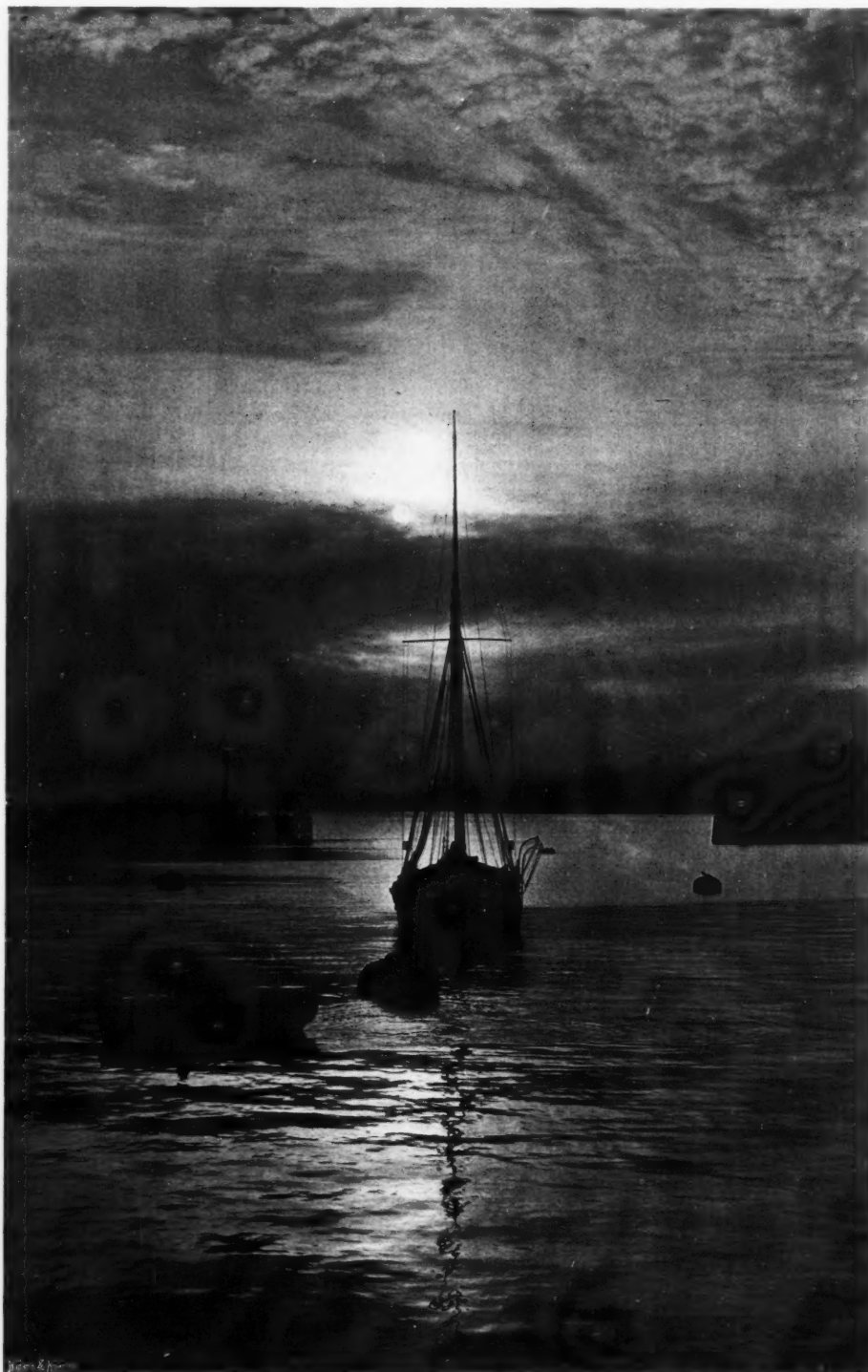
Perhaps the most interesting chapters are those devoted to character sketches of the great statesmen met by the editor of the *Daily News*. As was to be expected, he was a downright admirer of Mr. Gladstone, but this does not at all prevent him from telling one or two humorous stories against that distinguished statesman. In old age Gladstone was extremely deaf, and

"On one occasion he said, looking across the House, 'Who is the Jew opposite who stares so hard at me? What's his name?' The gentleman in question was not a Jew, and, though a Conservative, happened to be one of Mr. Gladstone's admirers. He heard the remark, and was naturally hurt, for it was only Mr. Gladstone's fancy that he had been staring at him."

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interesting account of Gladstone's amusements as an old man:

"Gladstone was remarkably simple in his tastes as regards amusements. Staying at a country house on one occasion, he accompanied his host and two or three children to a circus. He was then about seventy years of age, and was highly gratified with a sight so novel. The clown gave him especial pleasure, and for some days afterwards he would turn to the host in conversation and say, 'As that amusing fellow we saw the other day observed,' and so forth. For theatrical performances either he had no liking, or so busy a life did not allow him to witness them, except at rare intervals, and his knowledge of what concerned the contemporary drama was very slight. He actually expressed the opinion that Mr. Pennington, a gallant survivor of the



C. S. Mason.

THE HARBOUR BAR.

famous charge of the Light Brigade, but a mouthing, ranting actor, who moved his shoulders and eyebrows up and down with strange energy and persistency, was the greatest living tragedian."

Concerning Lord Rosebery, the following observation is made. It throws an instructive light on the expense involved by being made to serve the country as one of its public Ministers:

"In answer to a casual remark, he happened to mention the rather curious fact that, as Foreign Minister in 1893, he had spent upon two receptions at the Foreign Office one half of his whole year's official income. Anyone who was present at one of those receptions, when the whole of the walls and staircases of the magnificent building were dressed in flowers—mostly roses—must have guessed that the cost was enormous."

And while we are on the topic of finance, we might quote the following interesting item: "Lord Randolph was his mother's favourite son, and she would relate with great pride how he had been paid £2,250 for his articles in the *Daily Graphic* on South Africa." Robinson's comment upon this is, "they were certainly not worth the money, unless for the sake of his name. Plenty of better work is done daily by journalists who are never heard of." It is most advisable in the true interests of journalism and literature that such acts of folly should receive the attention they deserve.

For the recollections of a Radical journalist, it seems to us that there is a great deal more than might have been expected about Royal and other public personages. The chapters dealing with them are, we might almost say, the least interesting. On

the other hand, the story of Forbes and that of Charles Dickens have become a little bit stale. What a great many people will look into the book for is to find out how and why the fortunes of the *Daily News* underwent so many changes. We are told that in the seventies and eighties the paper was in its prime. Its decline is attributed to the wave of Conservatism that has spread over the country, and to the fact that the politics of the *Daily News* did not meet with the approval of the majority of newspaper readers. We do not think this explanation is adequate. At the present moment the politics of the *Westminster Gazette*, for instance, do not meet with the approval of the Conservative readers who, nevertheless, buy and patronise the paper for the simple reason that it is very well done; and if a newspaper does not succeed, the simple though brutal explanation generally is that it does not deserve to. Mr. Robinson was an excellent manager, but he had not the literary ability and sympathy that would have enabled him to carry the venture to success. There is a long account of the dispute that led to Mr. Labouchere's retirement from the Board and the appointment of Mr. E. T. Cook as editor. Robinson said afterwards the greatest mistake of his life had been in remaining after Mr. Cook was appointed editor, and it probably was not good for either of them. Concerning the succession of editors who have figured at the head of the *Daily News* it would not be becoming to say anything here, but the moral of this biography, as far as journalism is concerned, is that something more than business ability is required to ensure the success of a great newspaper.

FROM THE FARMS.

THE PLOUGHING MATCH.

IT is much to be feared that the ploughing match is a moribund institution. Like a great many other country observances, it had a pleasing and friendly origin. When a farmer took up a new holding it was customary for his neighbours to come and give him a day's ploughing, so that he might have a fair start, as, of course, the outgoing tenant could not be expected to prepare for the next crop, seeing that he would not remain to reap it. Naturally enough, a certain rivalry began between the ploughmen engaged, which the jovial masters of a century ago encouraged by offering prizes. In those days the farm servant took a greater pride in his work than he takes to-day as a rule. In ploughing lea especially, we mean the lea that was followed by oats, very keen rivalry was shown. A good ploughman could make a line as straight as if it were drawn by a ruler, and the turf naturally turned over neatly and beautifully, so that this kind of ground offered an excellent opportunity for the display of the ploughman's skill. The pictures which we show to-day, though they were taken at a local match, beautifully illustrate the nature of the meeting. We see the friendly-looking horses,

the labourers driving them, and the little breaks of ploughland where others have been at work. It is a very characteristic example of the toil that the labouring swain has to undertake daily at this season of the year.

BUSINESS AND AGRICULTURE.

Our readers, or at least a great many of them, will be interested to hear of a little book that has just been published by Messrs. Methuen and Co. It is called "The Business Side of Agriculture," and the author is Mr. Arthur G. L. Rogers, who edited the last volume of "The History of Agriculture and Prices in England." An old writer on husbandry remarks, "It is not hard labour alone will fill the sack, but in the business of husbandry there must be experience and judgment, as well as industry, for consider the vast variety the farmer has before him." That might be taken for the text of this disquisition. The author considers his subject under four different headings. One applies to the traditional methods of marketing vegetable produce, including grain, fruit, and hops; the second to marketing livestock and their bye-products; and the third discusses the question of distribution. In regard



RIVAL TEAMS.

to the first of these divisions Mr. Rogers gives a great deal of useful and pertinent information about the various markets to which the product can be sent.

THE CONFUSION OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Mr. Rogers makes a well-timed protest against the medley of terms commonly used in Covent Garden. Thus Mr. W. W. Glenny, in "The Fruit-grower's Year Book" for 1897, states that fruit may be packed "in loads, baskets, crates, hampers, pads, sieves, half sieves, quarter sieves, flats, molleys, prickles, feys, pottles, punnets, 2cwt. sacks, 1cwt. sacks, pea bags, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. bags." The difficulty is that market gardeners and others at a distance do not necessarily know these terms, and require it to be explained that a seakale punnet measures 8in. in diameter, and 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. at the bottom, being 2in. deep, while a radish punnet is 8in. in diameter, and 1in. deep, if to hold six "hands," or 9in. by 1in. for twelve hands. A mushroom punnet is 7in. by 1in., while a salading punnet is 5in. by 2in. Another point is, that a sieve contains 7 Imperial gallons, but a bushel sieve contains 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ Imperial gallons. A bundle of broccoli, celery, etc., contains 6 to 20 heads; of seakale, 12 to 18 heads; of rhubarb, 20 to 30 stems; and of asparagus, from 100 to 125 stems. A bunch of turnips is 12 to 25; of carrots, 15 to 40; of greens as many as can be tied together by the roots. An Imperial cwt. is 120lb., but a cwt. of Kentish filberts is only 100lb.

This is a warning that should be taken notice of by those who are buying or selling pedigree animals.

THE CROWNED LAKE.

IN the Pyrenees there is a narrow valley that has striven in vain to reach the mountain tops. It has risen higher and higher, until at last, 6,000ft. above the sea-level, it has spread itself out and stopped depressed, forming a hollow now turned into a lake by thawing avalanches and the rains of heaven.

Once a husband and wife went in search of this lake, and having found it, they sat down, mildly elated, to rest and look at its beauty. After a while the man walked further up one of the snowy slopes, and with difficulty got his camera to stand upright. Then he let his eyes wander from spotless mountain peaks to the fir trees blotting their white sides, until his glance fell again on to the lake, and he remained seemingly entranced with what he gazed upon. But his thoughts had travelled far back, for he saw in the hollow the crater of a burning mountain, and he pictured the time when Nature was at war with herself, when the low places vaunted themselves to the heights, and the high places hurled themselves on to the valleys, until at last the fiery



PLOUGHING.

There is less confusion in the provinces, but no uniformity even there, since at Sheffield vegetables are sold by the bag; at Nottingham fruit is sold by the pot and by the strike; at Glasgow the old-fashioned sleek, or West of Scotland bushel, is used, though its meaning has been changed. It would be a very useful reform were uniformity introduced into the weights and measures used in marketing vegetables.

A DODGE TO BEWARE OF.

Those who are starting the keeping of pedigree stock on a small scale will thank us for copying the following paragraph from Mr. Rogers's book, as it shows how an unnecessary interloper comes in to share the profits between the original breeder and his customer: "A yet more ingenious and profitable course is pursued by some of the dealers who live in the district round Bedford, Cambridge, and West Suffolk. They advertise extensively in certain newspapers that are well known to those who barter or exchange domestic pets or other articles of no great value, or in the papers that circulate among the holders of allotments. But though their announcements are worded as far as possible in the same way as those of the owners of well-known herds, and lead the reader to suppose that they have a great number of animals for sale, they usually do not own a single head. When, however, they receive an order for a pig of a certain age and at a certain price, according to the words of their advertisement, they drive round to the farmers with whom they deal and enquire if they have any pigs for sale."

passion burnt itself out, leaving behind the cold splendour of an awe-inspiring purity. Being a dreamer, an hour seemed as a few minutes to him.

The woman sat where her husband had left her. She looked at the lake and thought it too small for its name. She counted the seven stepping-stones that led to the fir-tree bridge spanning the water, and decided it was not worth crossing. The white stillness of the mountains affected her nerves; she fancied the feelings of a bear in a pit. She was glad when mist came whirling up the valley, cutting the base from one peak, hiding the point of another. Being of a brisk disposition, an hour in one place seemed endless to her. She spoke sharply. "Come, James, we must be going. This lake, with its crown of snowy mountain peaks, may be one of the wonders of the Pyrenees, but its charm palls after a time."

James sighed as he folded up the legs of his camera and fumbled amongst his various pockets, putting things away. Then husband and wife set off down the goat-herd's track, that eventually led to the lower end of the valley. The woman said: "When you show the proofs to Dr. Torrens, he will have to admit that at last two English travellers have taken the trouble to find the lake."

The man answered, "I am sorry to disappoint you, Bertha, but I was not able to take a photograph; I was waiting for the mist to clear off the highest peak when you hurried me away."

"Really, James, do you mean to say that you have carried



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BY THE MILL.

M. Emil Frechon.

that heavy camera eight miles for nothing? Why did not you photograph the lake in the first half-hour—the peaks were clear then?"

"I was waiting for the sun to shine on the water."

Being alike displeased with the dilatory ways of the track and her husband, Bertha abruptly left them, and began making the descent by a more direct but rocky path. Her husband followed her, saying that she would sprain her ankle.

James, encumbered with the camera, soon lost sight of his wife; she had turned a corner, and suddenly came upon the spot where five-and-twenty years before they had spent some hours of their honeymoon.

Bertha had a good memory; she looked curiously at waterfall and rock and tree. Stooping, she picked a small lemon-scented flower as her thoughts made silent speech. "Everything seems the same but ourselves; there were flowers like this then; James told me they were saxifrages. I remember I believed him to be a prodigy of learning. How I have altered; I have nothing in common with that sentimental girl of seventeen." Then she belied her words by shutting up the flower in her watch-case. The spare, bent figure of her husband came into view; she contrasted his look of age with the upright figure of the man of three-and-thirty, who had once stood with her by the waterfall. A feeling of compunction smote her; it must be sad to lose strength and agility; no wonder he sometimes pretended that the rests they took were for her benefit, not his. Then all these years, how good he had been to her,

In her own home she took a mournful pleasure in developing and toning the photographs of the places she and her husband had visited together. As she was bending over one of them, she fainted for the first time in her life, for she looked once more upon the crowned lake. Her usual common-sense had deserted her, for, instead of realising that James must have unconsciously photographed the lake when he stood dreaming in front of it, she thought of his words that he had gone to photograph a view for her, and fancied his spirit had accomplished what his weak body had willed but failed to do.

Dr. Torrens was never shown the proof, for Bertha destroyed it. At first she had a horror of the very mention of the lake. But in the course of time she would occasionally refer to the Pyrenees, and then she dignified her feeling of boredom when seated by the lake by the title of a presentiment. Her story would end in this way: "A feeling of great melancholy came over me; I knew something awful was about to happen, and the very next morning, fatally attracted towards the same place, dear James fell dead."

W. S.

IN THE GARDEN.

PLANTING SPRING FLOWERS.

THIS is the time to fill the now empty beds with flowers for the spring months. Bulbs will, of course, form a leading feature, and the selections we have recently given will be helpful in making a wise and inexpensive choice. Then there are the wallflowers of warm colourings, Polyantheses, Primroses, *Arabis alba flore pleno*, Pansies (autumn planted), Aubrietias, the Forget-me-not, *Doronicum plantagineum excelsum*, Fritillaria, Hepatica, Iberis, the early Irises, such as *I. reticulata*, Spring Snowflake, Muscari, *Omphalodes verna* (for a shady place, a flower of Gentian blue colouring), *Ornithogalum*, Scillas, *Triteleia*, and *Trollius*. All these are available for the bed or border; but with regard to beds the most striking effect is always gained when one thing is used, that is, a bed of Polyantheses, Wallflowers, or Primroses.

SELECTIONS OF TREES AND SHRUBS.

As the planting season has begun in earnest, selections of the most useful trees and shrubs for various positions may be welcome.

For Poor Soils.—Many are compelled to plant in dry, or what the gardener calls a hungry, soil, and for such places select from the following: Thorn, Juniper, Birch, Holly, Scotch Fir, Bird-cherry, the beautiful *Amelanchier*, *Genista virgata*, *Berberis*, Heaths, *Cistuses*, *Arbutus*, and *Ilex* for the South of England, Lavender, Rosemary, and for peaty, damp soils there is a choice of *Rhododendrons*, *Pernettyas* (which fruit so abundantly), *Kalmias*, *Ledums*, *Andromedas*, the Bog Myrtle, and *Vacciniums*.

For Water-side.—One of the most beautiful of all shrubs for planting by pond and lake sides is the wild Guelder Rose, now bending with the weight of crimson fruits. Well-placed groups give a blaze of colour in the autumn, and at a distance one wonders what the shrub can be, the effect being so rich. It is seldom planted, however, notwithstanding its splendour. Willows, of course, must be included, not forgetting the Golden and Cardinal Willows, with their finely-coloured stems, and the warm orange-shaded *Salix alba britzensis*, Poplars, Alders, Sea-buckthorn (*Hippophae rhamnoides*), and the deciduous Cypress. These may almost have their feet in water, but the following are only suitable for moist soil: *Berberis Darwini* and *B. Thunbergia*; the last-mentioned is one of the most striking of all shrubs for its leaf colouring; the Dogwood, especially the Siberian variety, of which the stems are bright crimson, *Cotoneaster buxifolia*, *C. frigida*, the delightful Sweet Gale (*Myrica*), Mountain Ash, Swamp Oak (*Quercus palustris*), Buckthorn (*Rhamnus*), Red-berried Elder (*Sambucus*), *Spiræas*, especially the beautiful *S. lindleyana*, and the *Rubus biflorus* (White-stemmed Bramble), which has a strange effect in the fading light of a winter day. Bamboos, of course, are a host in themselves, but it is a mistake to over-plant. A few well-placed groups are infinitely preferable to a muddled-up water-edge.

Dwarf Shrubs for the Rock Garden.—The little dwarf Almond (*Amygdalus nana*), *Azalea mollis*, and *A. amcena* (*Azaleas* are now grouped with the *Rhododendrons*, but we retain the old and familiar name to prevent confusion), *Cytisus Arduini*, *C. kewensis*, *Daphne blagayana* (very fragrant), *D. Cneorum*, and the well-known *Mezereum* (*Daphne mezereum*), *Erica carnea*, *E. cinerea* (Scotch Heather) in variety, *E. ciliaris* (Dorset Heath), *E. Tetralix* (the Cross-leaved Heath or Bell Heather), the Cornish Heath (*E. vagans*), and *E. vulgaris* and varieties, of which *Alporti*, crimson, is the most charming. *Daboecia polifolia*, *Genista pilosa*, *Hypericum moserianum*, *H. patulum*, *Kalmia glauca*, *Magnolia stellata*, *Ononis rotundifolia*, the dwarf Mock Oranges (*Philadelphus*), *Polygala chamaebuxus purpurea*, *Rhododendron racemosum*, *Spiræa Anthony Waterer*, *S. Thunbergi*, *Veronica buxifolia*, and the *Yuccas*, if one may regard these as shrubs; the best for our purpose is *Y. filamentosa*.



Copyright. GROUPING OF DWARF SHRUBS ON ROCK GARDEN. "C.L."

gratifying her every wish, while she had let contempt largely tinge her affection.

She smiled as he came to her side; the expression of her brown eyes seemed soft to him, and he said, "You are a wonderful woman, Bertha, and do not look a day older." So he, too, remembered.

A little later they went on their way, this time side by side; she meekly let him stand in front of her with a great air of warding off danger whenever horned oxen were driven by, though only a fool could dread such benign-looking beasts. Cows are another matter; a woman fears them because of the deep resentment that has burned in their eyes towards her ever since the day when Eve stole milk from the first cow to feed her baby Cain.

The mist turned into rain, their walk grew adventurous; in one place a stream had washed away part of the path, and they had to leap it. It was a small jump, but it made them feel young again; so that when they reached their hotel, though they were wet, and dark night had fallen, light hearts made their faces cheerful. Their host, as he ministered to their wants, exclaimed, "What legs have monsieur and madame!"

The next morning Bertha did not wake until her maid brought in her coffee. On the tray was a note from James, telling her not to expect him until the afternoon, as he had gone to photograph a view he particularly wished to give her. However, within half-an-hour he was brought to the hotel. Some peasants had found him a little way up the valley, fallen forward on to his face, with his camera still slung across his back. A doctor at the hotel said death must have been instantaneous. It was heart failure. Bertha was too stunned to make much moan. As soon as she could she left for England,

RANDOM NOTES.

The Parsley-leaved Bramble for its Leaf Colouring and Fruit.—Few Brambles are more beautiful than this. In the garden of the writer these plants are crimson all over, and, even when in the normal green stage, the leaves are prettier than those of other Brambles, as they are finely cut—hence the popular name of Parsley or Cut leaved Rubus (*R. laciniatus*). It is, apart from economic considerations, welcome in the garden, as it is a delightful climber in all ways, for arches, old tree-stumps, and fences, and the fruits are produced with great freedom.

Aconitum Wilsoni.—This noble new Aconite has been exhibited on several occasions recently by Messrs. J. Veitch and Sons, the well-known Chelsea nurserymen, and as late as the middle of October. It is unquestionably the finest of the late-flowering Aconites, and the purple colouring is pure and decided. It is very tall, and after the terminal spike has passed out of beauty, shoots appear lower down the stem to carry on the blooming. A very handsome plant for grouping in the mixed border or by shrubbery walks. It was sent out within the last few years by Messrs. Veitch's collector in China, Mr. E. H. Wilson.

The Pinks of the Alps.—M. Correvon writes as follows about the Pinks of the Alps: "Upon mountain rock, in dry, poor-soiled pastures, and on arid, sun-scorched slopes, everywhere are to be seen, shining out like twinkling stars, the rosy, blood-red crimson and purple flowers of the wild Pinks. It is a summer-long fairyland, where bright and pretty blossoms are a joy to see. Hidden in woodland are the exquisite flowers of Dianthus superbus, and its numerous following; while shining in the high rocks, brilliant in the sunlight, are the fiery corollas of *D. caesus*, *D. carthusianorum*, *D. sylvestris*, *D. Seguieri*, and others, and in the pastures, some hiding in the grass, some rising above it, are *D. glacialis*, *D. alpinus*, and *D. neglectus*. With the months of June and July this brilliant show begins, with *D. carthusianorum* and *D. caesus* the earliest to flower; presently it is increased by other species, and there soon follows a whole scale of colour-tone

and perfume that rises from the soil to delight and gratify the imagination. In the valleys of the Waldenses (Cottian Alps), a small Protestant country hidden in the midst of surrounding Catholic Italy, some of the most attractive of the wild Pinks may be seen in bloom throughout the summer. The scene is a striking one, for the plants are in profusion, as well as in many different types and varieties. This abundance is no doubt owing to the nature of the soil, and to the full free light of the mountain heights. The Dianthus group contains flowers whose colouring is some of the most intensely brilliant that may be found in Nature, so that they are all the more welcome to eyes that enjoy bright and warm colourings."

Protecting Roses.—The time is approaching when the more tender Roses will require protection. It is impossible to foretell whether the winter will imitate summer or prove one of exceptional severity; but the wise gardener is always well prepared in the event of sharp and continued frost. It is so easy to protect them that the wonder is that the plants are left to the mercy of the winter, the only operation necessary being to mould up the soil to the stems to the depth of 4 in. or 5 in. Mould them up as one would celery, the object of this being to keep the base of the shoots safe from frosts and cold rains. In March or early April this covering must be removed. Protection in the way suggested is safer and tidier than the old-fashioned covering of straw or hay. It is not the actual stems that one need care for, but the base, from which fresh growth springs in the following year. Standard Tea Roses are the most liable of all to suffer, and in a hard winter they perish wholesale; they must, therefore, be literally wrapped in straw, or, what is still better, Bracken.

Rhus cotinoides for Leaf Colour.—This is the most brilliant of all shrubs for its leaf tints in autumn. The colour is not wholly crimson, but one leaf may be pure yellow, another yellow and red, and some quite purple, while not a few show a mingling of all these tints. It is the Chittam Wood of the Southern United States, and is worth grouping for the sake of its autumn colouring alone.

THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

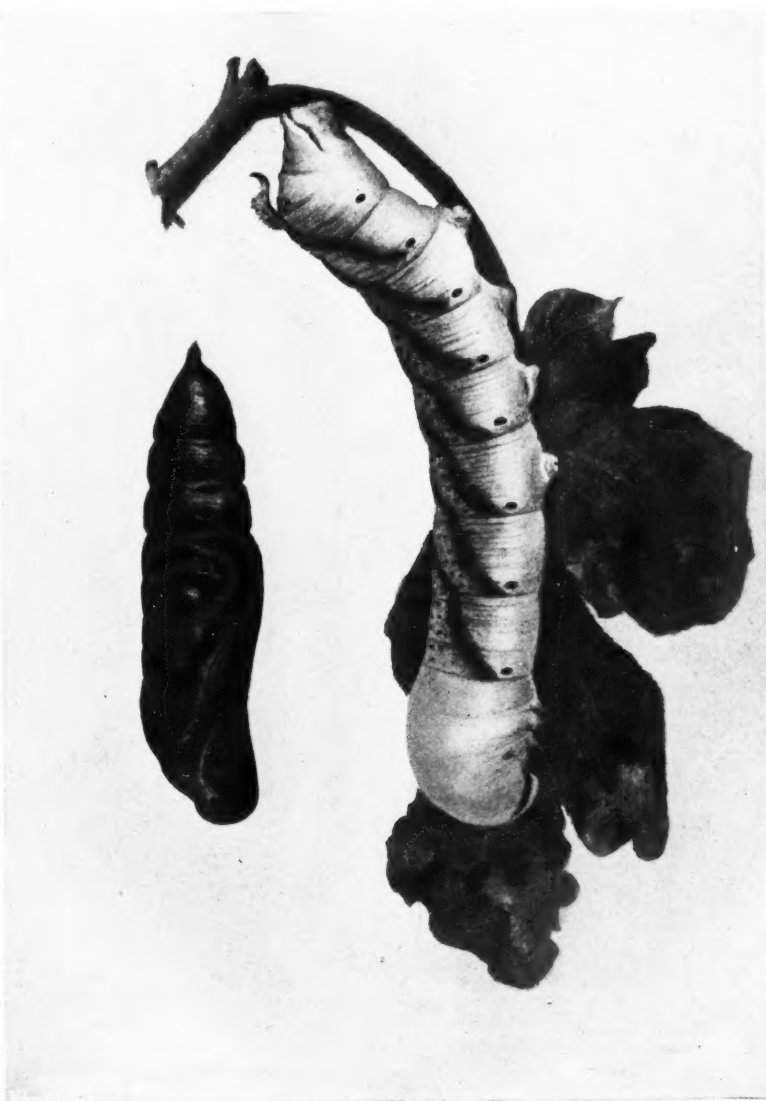
THE fatal effect of the bestowal of an ill name is proverbial in the case of the dog, and it is, perhaps, even better exemplified as regards the largest of European Lepidoptera, to which the nations have with one consent given, in their respective tongues, the sinister title of "Death's-head." For long centuries a dense cloud of terror and superstition rested on this conspicuous insect, and even now it cannot be said to have wholly cleared away. Not only have false charges of venomous and malignant qualities been heaped upon the harmless creature, but it has been far and wide regarded as the herald and precursor of death, and even as the actual executioner. In past times, such national calamities as epidemics and droughts have been confidently assigned to its malign influence.

All this huge structure of calumny has obviously been founded on the slenderest of bases. Of course, the moth is very large, and bigness in an insect always awakens distrust and misgiving in the popular mind. Its colouring, though rich, is certainly rather dark and sombre, and it has the powers—extremely rare among Lepidoptera—both of uttering a rather shrill sound when disturbed, and also, if much worried, of assuming a menacing attitude by suddenly elevating its front legs. But all these qualities combined wholly fail to account for the dread and horror which the creature has for ages inspired. The trivial cause of all the obloquy, the persecution, the terrors of generations, is the simple fact that the great moth bears on the dark back of its broad thorax a pale marking which, in miniature, has much resemblance to a human skull. This is "the head and front of its offending."

Apart, however, from the superstitious fears attaching to the wearer of this emblem of death, there really is one grievance which man can urge against it, viz., that the Death's-head is as fond of honey as man himself is, and that it habitually plunders the combs of the hive, as well as those of the nests of wild honey-bees. In England the moth is too scarce to occasion much loss in this way; yet its name of "Bee-tiger moth"—quoted by some of the older British entomological authors—shows that in some districts it must have been recognised as an enemy of the hive-bee. But this failure to discriminate between the stores of wild bees and those of bees more or less domesticated by man can scarcely constitute a very grave offence, when it is borne in mind that the moth had in various ways been specially adapted and modified to enable it to obtain honey from the cells of the bee for long ages before the cleverer

human robber devised hives wherein the bees should be made to toil for his benefit.

Anyone examining specimens of the Death's-head will easily recognise these special modifications of the typical hawk-moth



H. Dollman.

CHRYSALIS AND CATERPILLAR.

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structure, the most important being that the sucking trunk or proboscis—so elongated in the mass of the family as to enable the insect to dispense with settling on flowers, and to extract their honey while remaining on the wing—is quite short, but widened, stiffened, and acutely pointed. The trunk has, in fact, become exactly adapted in form, length, and rigidity for piercing the cover of a bee's waxen cell and abstracting the contents. Besides the modification of this organ, other adaptations have been brought about; for to encounter a host of angry bees is no joke for most animals, large or small, and death is no rare penalty for the attempt to rob them of their laboriously-collected stores. It is thus of much interest to find that the whole chitinous external skeleton is of unusual solidity, hardness, and polish, like complete plate armour, and that the coating of fur overlying this is of extraordinary length, firmness, and density; and there is good reason to believe that this double armour of fur and chitine—like the bear's and the ratel's fur and thick hide—renders its wearer invulnerable by the searching stings so fatal to many other intruders. Very early observers were struck by the immunity enjoyed by so big and greedy a honey-stealing insect as *Atropos*, and its successful defiance of the warlike bee community gave rise to various rather fanciful explanations of its domination in the hive, one suggestion being that it gained unimpeded access to the honey by imitating the peculiar note or buzz of the queen bee. Dead specimens of the moth are sometimes found in hives, and also in the nests of wild honey-bees, completely encased in wax, showing that they occasionally die on the scene of their depredations; but the fact that the body is thus hermetically sealed up, instead of being ejected like those of other intruders, leads to the belief that in these cases death has been natural and not inflicted by the bees.

The intimate association of the Death's-head with the honey-bee is well illustrated by the account which Mr. J. C. Melliss has given of the fitful occurrence of the moth in the very limited and isolated area of St. Helena. Writing in the year 1874, he remarks (see his work "*St. Helena*," page 181; 1875) that *Atropos* was said to have first appeared there in 1835, and was afterwards very plentiful till 1854, "when it disappeared almost simultaneously with the honey-bee, to which it was a troublesome enemy, as many as five or six inhabiting one hive, and getting access to it in spite of all precautions to keep them out." He adds that the honey-bee had been reintroduced a few years ago, and that the moth had just (1874) reappeared in the island after an absence of twenty years.

Whether the Death's-head exercises by any means an alarming effect on bees, or whether they simply abandon as useless the attempt to pierce its armour of proof, it can hardly be doubted that as regards the smaller vertebrates, and even man himself, several of its features and qualities are of a nature to daunt hostile approach. The effect of its great size and shrill voice is increased on occasion by the threatening attitude above alluded to, which is not unlike that assumed under similar provocation by certain huge spiders of the *Mygale* group, and which by the simultaneous slight lifting of the wings reveals in addition the significant yellow and black ring-bands of the abdomen. It should be borne in mind that this last-named character is the world-wide badge of a large number of the stinging Hymenoptera,

and in Nature awakens much the same kind of dread and consequent caution and avoidance as did the well-known livery and cognisance of some great and dominant feudal house in mediæval times. On the whole, we may regard it as probable that aspect, voice, and gestures combined have materially contributed to the preservation and wide distribution of so unusually large an insect. That *Atropos* is a protected form is distinctly indicated by the interesting fact that in Africa it is mimicked by another (typical) hawk-moth of nearly equal size (*Protoparce Solani*), which when seen at rest on tree trunks I have on more than one occasion mistaken for the Death's-head. An Indian congener of *Atropos* is similarly mimicked by another closely-allied form of *Protoparce*.

Except to entomologists it is not well known that the Death's-head does not stand alone, but has three or four near relations, belonging to the same genus *Acherontia*. These are all natives of the Oriental region (South-Eastern Asia); they all bear the famous skull-mark, and in one of them it is decidedly more hideous and grinning than in *Atropos*. Our Death's-head's original home is apparently Africa, as it occurs throughout that continent, and in many regions of it is numerous; but it is common also over Southern and Central Europe, and has been recorded from Western Asia. The attachment of its beautiful caterpillar to the cultivated potato plant (amongst other *Solanaceæ*) has doubtless aided in the wide dispersal of the species, but it is remarkable that it has apparently never been met with in the New World.

Familiar very early in life with the published accounts of this famous moth, and of the terror and dislike attaching to it throughout Europe, I had never in England more than a

"cabinet" acquaintance with it, for not once had I been fortunate enough to meet with the insect or its larva at large—though in search of the latter I had tramped many a potato-field; and somehow the chrysalides that I now and then purchased from the dealers never would "come out." It was not until I went, many years ago, to reside at the Cape, that I not only became familiar with *Atropos*, rearing many from the larvæ, but also—rather to my surprise—found all the legendary animosities against it flourishing to the utmost extent. Honey-bees are abundant in South Africa in a wild state, their combs—often of great age and size—being built either in hollows of trees or in the caves and fissures of rocks; but comparatively little had at the time been done in the way of hiving or domesticating them, Europeans and natives alike being for the most part contented with rifling the copious supplies yielded by the wild bees' nests. If I was unprepared to find how generally known both to Boers and blacks was the connection between the Death's-head and the bees, still more was I astonished to hear on all hands the most deadly powers assigned to the moth. Under the names of "*Doedkop*," "*Bienë-Mottë*," and "*Mottë*—

Bee," the moth was held in the utmost dread, as extremely venomous, and as possessed of the greatest ferocity and special enmity to man. Often was I warned, both by farmers and natives, to approach bees' nests with the utmost caution, not for the very sufficient reason of the danger of attack by their irascible owners, but on account of the lurking and terrible "*Bienë-Mottë*," one or more of which were only too likely to rush out of the nest and promptly put me to death. To my



H. Dollman.

DEATH'S-HEAD MOTHS.

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enquiries how the assault of the moth was delivered, there was a consensus of reply that the enemy charged on the wing with immense velocity and a booming sound, hovered immediately above the human intruder, and then, descending upon his head, inflicted the fatal sting, from which no one had ever been known to recover. In vain I sought to discover among my informants an eye-witness of any case of death so occasioned, but none the less they stoutly stuck to the legend, though I noticed that the instances alleged were almost always of remote date, in far-away places, and concerned aged and distant relations. My impression was, and still is, that the early Dutch settlers were originally responsible for the infamous character—brought with them from Europe—borne by the moth at the Cape; and that the Hottentots (who had plundered wild bees' nests from time immemorial, and probably troubled themselves as little as their rival in robbery, the honey-ratel, about the Death's-heads disturbed in this way) had adopted and, after their manner, highly coloured and exaggerated the fabulous evil reports, and in effect confirmed them and conveyed them back again to the Europeans. I found that some of the farmers when pressed upon the subject would quote the Hottentots or half-breeds as their authority. Many settlers of British descent were by no means free from the prevalent delusion; and I well remember my predecessor at the South-African Museum, the late Edgar Layard, carrying on a spirited correspondence with various disputants in the *Grahamstown Journal*, in the vain attempt to convince them that the Death's-head was not venomous.

A farmer resident not far from Cape Town was particularly insistent with me as to the murderous power and disposition of the moth. He was a big, rough, talkative man, and treated with contempt my well-meant efforts to show him from dried specimens—even these he regarded uneasily and askance—that it possessed no deadly weapon of any kind. Annoyed at my incredulity, he at length said that it was all very fine for me to be so brave with the dead "Doed-kop," but he knew very well that I should never dare to touch a live one. I replied that on the first opportunity I would bring him a living moth, and prove to him how harmless it really was. The opportunity came soon afterwards, as he, most fortunately, had occasion to call at the house where I was staying at the very time when I had just reared from the caterpillars several fine specimens. Selecting the largest, and holding it firmly with thumb and finger by the sides of the thorax, I took it across to M. van Dunkel, who was sitting in a room opening on the garden. Cheerfully greeting him as I entered, I said, "Here is the live Doed-kop you so much wished to see," at the same time holding up the moth, which all the while was kicking up its spiny front legs and squeaking its loudest. M. van Dunkel never waited for the demonstration I offered; he shrieked much louder than poor Atropos, uttered a double-Dutch execration, and was through the doorway in no time; but I pursued him relentlessly twice round the garden, and thence chased him all about the adjacent common till he disappeared at full speed down the high road.

Van Dunkel's discomfiture, complete and comical as it was,

sinks into insignificance beside a most extraordinary case of panic, which I had not the luck to witness myself, but which was related to me by an officer who was present, and who confessed that he fully shared in the general consternation that prevailed. During one of the earlier Kaffir wars, a number of the Cape Mounted Rifles—at that time a regiment of the Regular Army, but of mixed British and native composition—were bivouacking for the night, and after a long day's weary patrol work were not sorry to

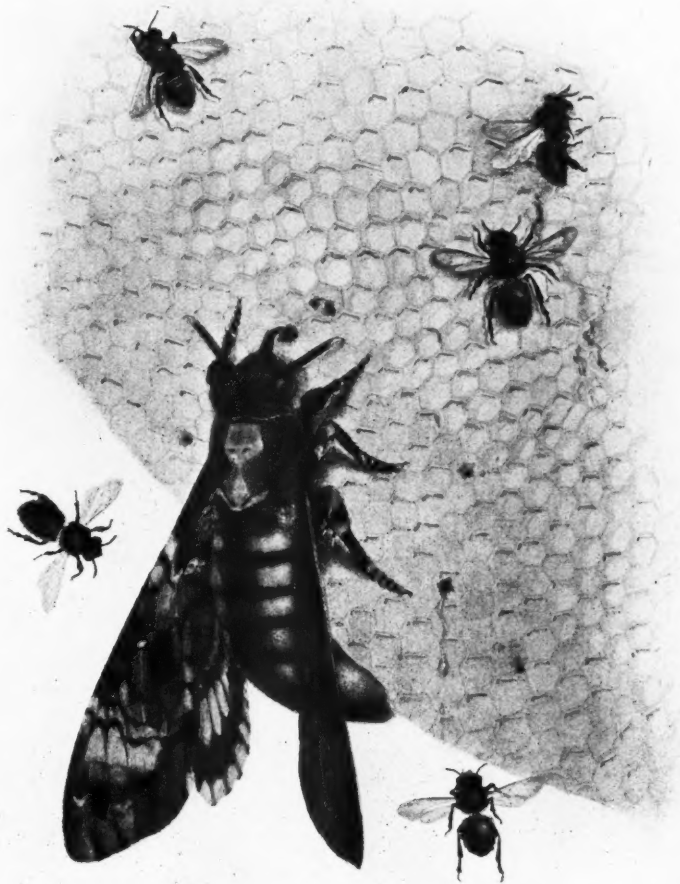
off-saddle and prepare for the evening meal. The weather was wet and the night very dark. The camp-kettle had for some time been slung over a cheerful blaze, and supper was nearly ready, when there was a sudden stampede of both British and native troopers, and several Hottentots, rushing helter-skelter towards a group of officers, yelled out the dreadful tidings that two Doed-kops had suddenly made their appearance, and were actually sitting on a bough overhanging the fire. An attack by a whole tribe of warlike Amakosa would have been a trifle in comparison. The situation was serious indeed, and supper itself was in jeopardy. The commanding officer was a veteran of proved valour, but he avowed himself unequal to an encounter with such mysterious and venomous foes. He invited volunteers for the perilous undertaking, but there was no response. It only remained to draw lots, and so determine who should tackle the formidable invaders. The lot did not fall on my informant, to his great relief, but on the tallest officer present. Without delay this devoted warrior was mounted on the biggest troop-

horse, armed with the longest available sword, and bidden to charge full tilt at the camp-fire, clear it at as high a jump as possible, and at the same instant slash at the bough whereon lurked the fiendish insects. So said, so done; crash came the bough down into the flames; but, alas! the lynx-eyed Hottentots declared most positively that only one of the Doed-kops had fallen with the bough; the other had flown wildly about and was still at large, and more ferocious and bloodthirsty than ever, being certain to wreak vengeance for its slain mate. Thus the situation was as threatening as before, if not more so. The hoped-for hot supper had to be abandoned, and what cold provender came to hand substituted; and officers and men passed an anxious and wakeful night, and were only too glad to break up camp and be off at peep of day.

This moving tale finds something of an echo, very much nearer home, in the ludicrous instance recorded in England itself by that well-known naturalist, the late Rev. J. G. Wood, who saw a whole circle of people standing round a Death's-head in the singularly appropriate surroundings of a village churchyard, all eager to destroy the ill-omened creature, but much too terrified to approach it, until at length the village blacksmith found courage to take a running leap and crush the unfortunate moth under his iron-shod boots.

It is, perhaps, too soon to expect that the irrational fears and animosities that have so long and persistently clung about this notable insect should wholly disappear; but advancing knowledge has widely reduced their prevalence, and the time is not far distant when their having ever existed will be deemed almost incredible.

R. TRIMEN.



H. De'Iman.

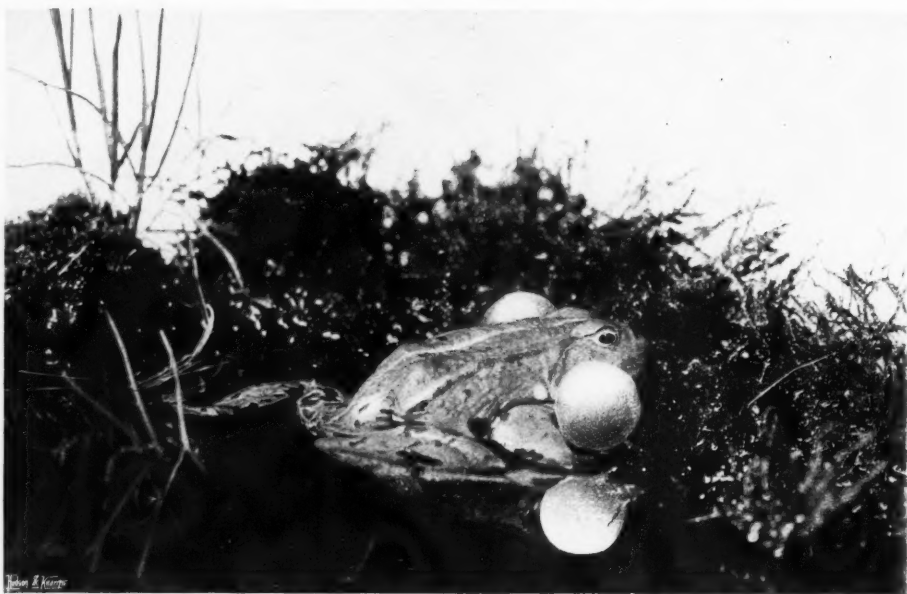
A ROBBER CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

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THE EDIBLE FROG IN ENGLAND.

IT is a remarkable fact of geographical distribution that the edible frog, *Rana esculenta*, so common, and so generally spread over the Continent, is absent from our islands, at least as an indigenous species. I say as an indigenous species, for it is at home in a few districts in England, but, as far as can be ascertained, only as a naturalised alien. For a great number of years some parts of Cambridgeshire and Norfolk have been noted for their edible frogs, and residents in Haslemere are now familiar with the loud, clear croak of this batrachian, mixed with the deep bellowing voice of the American bull-frog, which may be heard on late spring and summer evenings between the village and the foot of Hindhead. But at Haslemere the musicians can only be heard and not seen, much less caught, performing in a pond on a private property fenced off from the road.

It will surprise, and perhaps please, many a reader of COUNTRY LIFE interested in natural history to be told that the loud croak of the edible frog may be heard on a fine summer evening within easy cycling distance from London. In the September number of the *Zoologist*, Mr. Gordon Dalglish has announced having found a small pond at Ockham in Surrey alive with the frogs, his attention having been first drawn to them, in August, by their noisy croak. Mr. Dalglish having alluded to the introduction of the frog at Chilworth some fifteen years ago by the late Dr. St. George Mivart, his communication was followed by one from the Hon. Harold Russell, in which he tells us that a number of them were also turned out in the neighbourhood of Shere, near Guildford, by his father, the late Lord Arthur Russell, about twenty years ago. I well remember Lord Arthur Russell showing me, at the Natural History Museum, some of the frogs he had received from Berlin, and which belonged to the large race, *Rana ridibunda*, on which I was working at the time. I was also instrumental in procuring the frogs for my friend Dr. Mivart, in two lots, of about 100 each, one from Brussels in 1889, the other, the following year, from



MALE CROAKING.

Berlin. The Ockham frogs, which Mr. Dalglish showed me, agree with those from Brussels. They appear to have entirely, or nearly entirely, disappeared from both Shere and Chilworth. Are the frogs at Ockham descendants of the above-mentioned colonies, having travelled several miles across country, which is perfectly possible, or have they been introduced at or near Ockham by some other person, unknown? This is a question which cannot, at present, be decided.

The edible frog is distinguished from our common indigenous species—which, it may be mentioned in passing, is just as much eaten by our neighbours across the Channel—by its more aquatic habits, spending the whole of the warm season in or near the water, plunging at the least alarm; by its late breeding season (end of May to end of June); by its brighter—usually green—coloration; and especially by the presence in the male sex of two external bladder-like vocal sacs, which, when inflated, project through slits at the sides of the head, below the ears, as shown by the photograph, here reproduced, of a male frog in the act of croaking. Our common frog croaks only during the breeding season, in March or April, and, its vocal sacs being internal, its voice is a dull grunt; but it can croak under water, whilst the edible frog is unable to do so.

We must be careful not to confound the croak of the edible frog with that of another garrulous member of our British fauna, which is particularly abundant in some localities in the western, sandy parts of Surrey. I mean the running toad or natterjack, *Bufo calamita*, which stands somewhat in the same relation to the common toad as the edible frog to the common frog. Large numbers of these toads congregate in the water after sunset in May and June, and produce an excessively loud croak, which may be heard nearly a mile away, and owing to which these colonies are known to the people between Wisley and Guildford as "village brass bands." But the croak of the natterjack consists of a single rolling note, whilst that of the edible frog is more varied, and has been well rendered by Aristophanes in his chorus of frogs, "Brekekeke co-ax, co-ax."

The edible frogs about the introduction of which in this country we possess reliable information were imported from Paris, St. Omer, Brussels, Berlin, and Italy. If we wish to discuss the origin of the frogs at Ockham, or elsewhere, it is necessary to be able to discriminate between the three principal races which occur on the Continent. These races can be distinguished by the following characters:

1. The typical form.—Of moderate size (head and body usually not above 3 in.), with moderately long legs (tibiae), which, when folded against the thighs and held at right angle to the vertebral column, do not overlap, but meet or nearly meet; the tubercle at the base of the inner toe (hind foot) moderately large, but prominent and compressed, its length contained twice to three times in the length of the inner toe; usually bright green on the body, with more or less bright yellow between the black spots and marblings on the back of the thighs. A specimen of this form, from Brussels, is here figured. This is the common form found in the North of France, in Belgium, and in Western Germany. It is the only one imported from Brussels. It occurs also near Berlin; but most of the specimens sent from there by dealers belong to the following race, on account of their greater size.



RANA ESCULENTA TYPICA.

2. The var. *ridibunda*, "Seefrosch" of the Germans.—Larger and more robust than the preceding, and with longer hind limbs, the tibiae overlapping when placed in the position before described; the tubercle at the base of the inner toe small, feebly prominent, its length contained twice and a-half to four times in the length of the inner toe; dull green, olive or bronzy brown above; no yellow on the thighs. The picture shown is from a Berlin specimen. Common in Eastern Germany and Austria-Hungary.

3. The var. *Lessonæ*.—Of the same size as the typical form, but with shorter tibiae, not meeting when folded; the tubercle at the base of the inner toe very large, strongly compressed, its length contained once and a-half to twice in the length of the inner toe; brown or green above; bright yellow between the black spots and marblings on the back of the thighs. A specimen from Stow Bedon, Norfolk, is here given. This form, which has been found in a few localities in Central Europe, predominates in North Italy. It used to be found in the Cambridgeshire fens, whence it was first reported as British, and it still occurs in abundance in a few places in south-western Norfolk.

The edible frog was discovered in Foulmire Fen, Cambridgeshire, in 1844, and Thomas Bell stated that his father, who was a native of Cambridgeshire, had noticed many years before the presence of these frogs at Whaddon and Foulmire, where they were known, from their loud croak, as "Whaddon organs" and "Dutch nightingales." The frogs have now disappeared from those localities, but specimens are fortunately preserved in the British Museum, and these I have identified as belonging to the var. *Lessonæ*, the same as are still found in Norfolk, between Thetford and Scoulton and at Stow Bedon, where they were first noticed many years later, but where, from enquiries made by Lord Walsingham from the oldest inhabitants, they must have existed for the last eighty years at least. It has been suggested that these Norfolk specimens are the descendants of a number of specimens introduced at Foulton and Wareham from Paris, Brussels, and St. Omer by the late Mr. Berney in 1837-42.



RANA ESCULENTA, VAR. RIDIBUNDA.

But the fact that these frogs belong to a distinct race, principally known from Italy, renders this explanation unsatisfactory, and the further fact that the typical *R. esculenta* has actually been rediscovered in or near some of the places where specimens were turned out by Mr. Berney shows that the Thetford-Scoulton and Stow Bedon specimens are of a distinct origin. Of the introduction of the latter we have no authentic records, but as they belong to



RANA ESCULENTA, VAR. LESSONÆ.

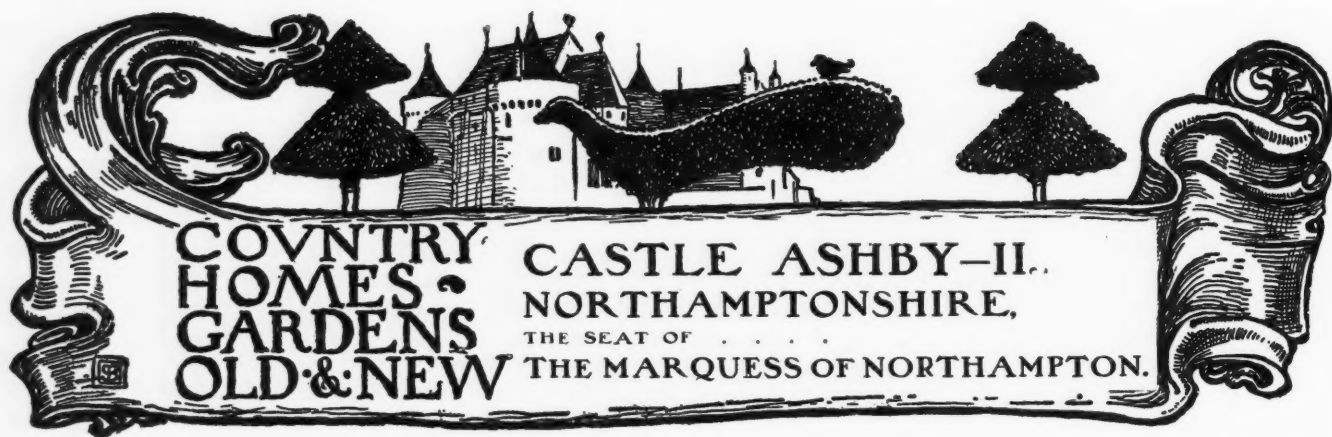
an Italian race it is not impossible that they were imported from that country; and the suggestion of the late Mr. John Wolley, that they were introduced by the monks as an addition to their Lenten fare, appears quite plausible. Otherwise, we must regard these frogs as indigenous. We cannot, on this question, appeal to paleontology for information, as has been done in the case of the edible snail, once thought to have been brought to this country by the Romans, since no absolutely certain evidence of the edible frog in Pleistocene deposits has yet been brought to light.

Twenty years ago, on July 29th, 1884, I had the pleasure of being invited by Lord Walsingham to visit the place, Stow Bedon, where the edible frog occurs in greatest abundance, and brought home a number of living specimens, coloured figures of which appeared in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society for that year. I was rather surprised to find that none of the frogs presented that beautiful green colour which is usual in the continental *R. esculenta*; all were olive brown, spotted or marbled with black, and provided with a pale yellow or pale green vertebral stripe; all had the enormous metatarsal tubercle. This accounts for the fact for which I was always at a loss to find an explanation, viz., the silence of the first discoverers of the edible frog in Cambridgeshire as to the green colour which, among other characters, so well distinguishes this species from the common frog. *R. esculenta*, var. *Lessonæ*, as occurring in Cambridgeshire and Norfolk, is never green.

Lord Walsingham has informed me not long ago that the frogs are still as common at Stow Bedon as they were twenty years ago. As to the typical form, descendants of Mr. Berney's importations, I have not heard of them lately; but they were quite common some years ago on Wareham and Foulton fens, and widely distributed over all the fenland in that part of Norfolk.

As already stated, the edible frog is a late breeder. The eggs, which are much smaller than those of the common frog, and distinguished by being half black and half white, are difficult to find, as they never float in large masses on the surface of the water. On the other hand, the tadpoles acquire a much larger size than in the common species. In France, where the flesh of the hind quarters of frogs is much esteemed as a delicacy, there are men who earn a living for six months in the year by frog-fishing. No tackle is used; a piece of red flannel, or, better, the skin of a frog, rolled up in a ball about the size of an acorn, attached to a line, is agitated at the surface of the water, and greedily seized by the frog, which is hauled up before it has time to let go. In Belgium, frogs, being scheduled under animals useful to agriculture, are now protected by the law, and the sale of "cuisse de grenouilles" is prohibited.

G. A. BOULENGER.



IN speaking of the alteration of the south front of Castle Ashby by Inigo Jones, perhaps less than justice was done to this genial master of English Palladian art. He altered a part of the Tudor east front, blending his classic design with the older work in the happiest way. But the central part of the south front, with its rustic columns below and its classic pillars and pilasters above, its dividing lines of cornice, and its fine pediments, seems to have been actually constructed to his designs. The whole is brought together by a lettered parapet, following the general plan which crowns every line of wall and the parapet of every turret with admonitory versicles or verses. Over his new entrance he placed the words, "Dominus custodiat introitum tuum." The filling in of the south front by this Palladian line of building seems to have converted what had previously been a forecourt into a quadrangle, not altogether unlike some of those at Hampton Court. This inner quadrangle is a most beautiful example of the architect's favourite, and we may even say natural, style. The inner side of the entrance gate, and of the buildings on either side, is treated in perfect proportion, and with a lightness and even gaiety of appearance which contrasts favourably with the rather crowded, cramped, and gloomy effect of Wren's interior quadrangles at Hampton Court, perhaps the only examples of his work there which are not happy. The reason is not difficult to discover. All four sides of Wren's small courts had to be carried up to the same height, and that the full height of the part of the main palace which he built. At Castle Ashby Inigo Jones was able to keep the front line low, which made a vast difference in the proportions, while letting in the sun.

It will be noticed that in completing his lettered parapet

the architect introduced a slight improvement, perhaps made necessary by the difference of style in the wall it caps. The Tudor lettering rises straight up in line with the main face of the wall, though a string-course of stone at the base makes it less abrupt. Above the new south front the lettering is set back slightly, the line of sight being carried back by "knead" projections, springing from the upper line of pediment and cornice, supported by the columns of the first floor. But the entire front, from the tall octagonal turrets of the very large and lofty Tudor wings, to the basement, is a beautiful and thoroughly English example of how two styles can be brought together and combined, and the entire building made into a whole, by a master hand. The reader may perhaps think it well to pass mentally, and at once, to the opposite, or north, side, by way of contrast, before lingering in the splendid gardens in which the house is set. This north side, overlooking the steep escarpment and the valley of the Nene, is almost in its original state. It is a late Tudor façade of great size and unusual height, with two vast bay windows running up to the top of the house, one on either side. The windows in these are untouched, but the hand of the improver is just seen in the doorway, possibly in the slight arching of the window tops, and in the insertion of the oval *aïls de bauf* below the lettered balustrade, which also bears some indication of having been slightly modified in design. The staircase entrance leading from the grass terrace is very fine.

But beyond a doubt the most beautiful and the most attractive side of the castle is on the east. There is the most varied façade, and there are the elaborate gardens, known *en bloc* as "The Terraces," added by the third marquess. It will be seen that this front originally showed not two, but three, great





THE WESTERN FRONT, BY INIGO JONES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE BAY WINDOWS, NORTH-EAST CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE NORTH FACADE.

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bays similar to those on the north. Two of these stood close together near the north-east corner, and lighted the great hall and a large chamber above. The third was at the south-east angle, but looking due east. This bay, and the whole of the central façade down to the first of the two bays of the hall, was completely transmuted into the classical style. But the Tudor windows and architecture of the hall were left untouched.

As will be seen from the illustrations, the hand of Nature is

allowed to assist in the decoration of the classic portion in an unusual degree, and with beautiful effects. The colour of the stone—warm, clear, and of in appearance—forms a perfect background for the great green leaves of the magnolia, the best of all floral ornaments of classic fronts. The vine mingles with the ivy in the inner court, while Virginia creeper, climbing berberry, jessamine, and roses break the hard lines of the pilasters and entablatures, and give colour and tone to the front. Immediately below the great east front lies the series of elaborate formal gardens, with their terraces, parapets, steps, seats, fountains, and other adornments of terra-cotta. The whole northern side lies along the line of the escarpment. Looking over the balustrade which crowns it, the park, the long pools, with their chestnuts and poplars, and in the middle distance the tower of Grendon Church, and beyond the valley of the Nene, are seen. To the right, close to the north-east corner of the castle, a great cedar mingles its dark foliage in the happiest way with the lighter green of a clump



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THE EAST TERRACE WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of forest trees, elms and ashes, which, growing on the edge of the grass slope, link up the grey castle walls with the lines of garden parapet. There are some five distinct but adjacent terrace gardens here. The general scheme of these gardens is that they are rectangular, but on different levels; that the outer lines are enclosed by a high parapet, elaborately decorated; and that the inner divisions and steps for descent and ascent are made either of lower terra-cotta parapets, all of the same beautifully warm creamy

tint, or of low hedges either of box or of laurel. Laurel and box both contrast extremely well with the terra-cotta work. In the large garden adjacent to the east front, and immediately under it, is a series of the most elaborate and beautifully designed flower-beds, edged with thin box, and laid out in flowing lines. The blended masses of colour are one of the sights of Northamptonshire. In one of the main terraces are two extremely good fountains, their basins filled with clear water, and in another a large circular pool, covered with water-lilies. The connecting walks are fringed with formally-cut Portugal laurels, rising from squares of box, which conceal the receptacles in which they stand. The scent from these box hedges, which are repeated on a great scale in other and more ancient gardens close by, is most refreshing and agreeable. The outer balustrades are entwined with vine leaves, the vine going excellently with the terra-cotta, and draping the sunny seats of the same material with an elegant profusion which suggests Northern Italy rather than the English Midlands. In the lower terrace gardens, looking



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THE CHURCH TERRACE, EAST GARDEN.

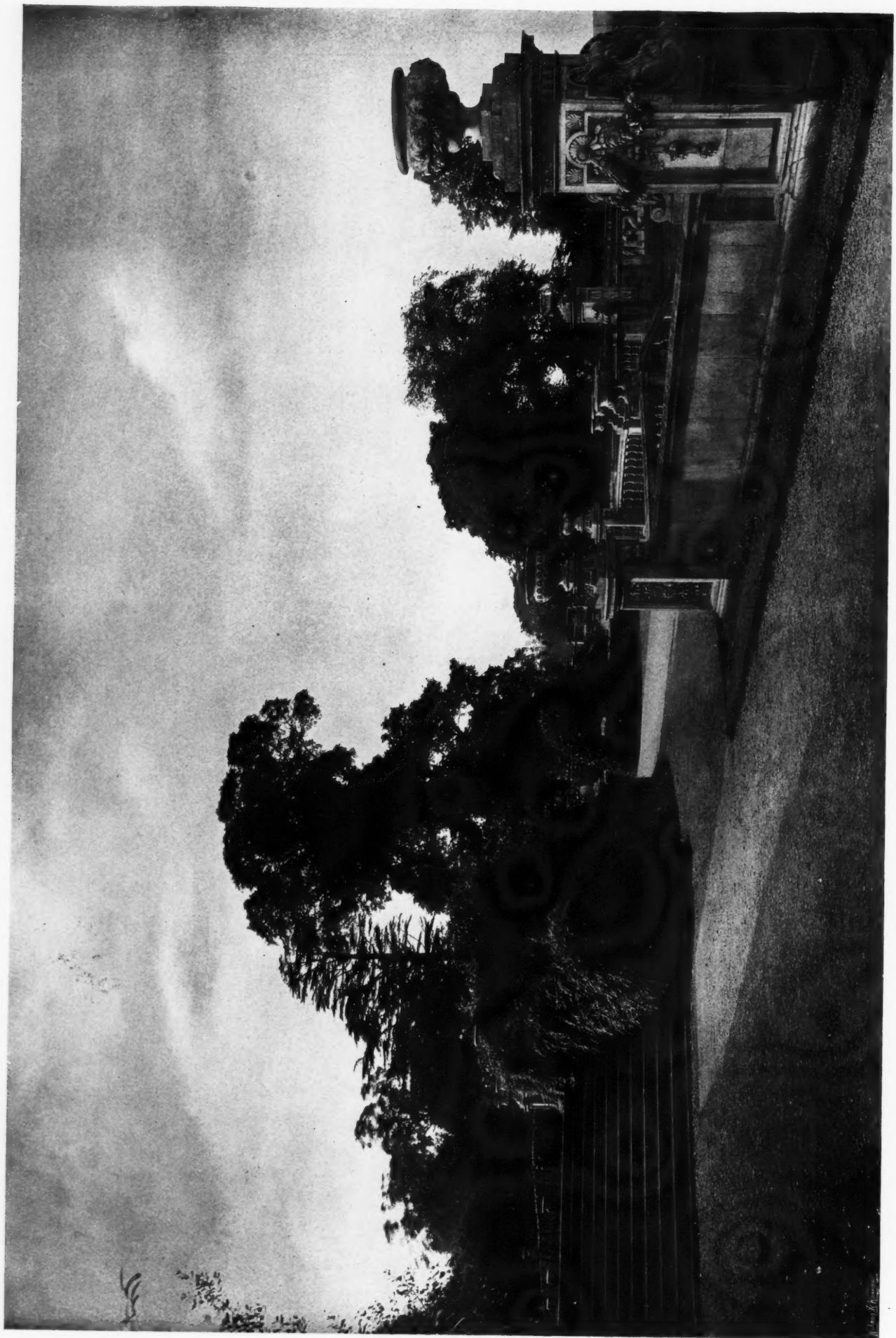
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DIVISION OF THE GARDENS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



EVENING IN THE NORTH GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

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ENTRANCE TO THE ROSE AND KITCHEN GARDENS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

more to the south-east, the formal divisions are largely made by thick, low hedges of laurel, which grows well here, as it always does on heavy land. Picture all these terraces, with their carefully designed "lay out," their setting of park, castle, pleasure, church walls, lakes, and distant valley scenery, fill their beds with the brightest hues and the purest colours with which Nature paints her favourites of the flower world, and some idea of these formal gardens may perhaps be gained.

Beyond them lie two other sets of gardens of a different kind, some of them much older. A vast orangery, full of tree ferns and palms, gives on to what was formerly called the Italian garden, but which is now assuming the appearance of lawns and orchard ground. To the right, coming quite up to, and in places overhanging, the western border of this set of gardens, is a grove of forest trees. In front is a classical triumphal arch, of great size, from the summit of which the gardens can be seen as if on a map.

On the other side of the arch is a glass-roofed rose-house, and, looking down into the clear glass, the eye sees the thousand flowers of the roses blossoming under it. The gardens beyond

are ancient, though they have been somewhat altered. Tall pillars, with heraldic monsters in stone, rise up in pairs side by side, and box hedges of immense size and apparently of great age divide all the great garden up into numbers of compartments, large and small, each of which is a little floral Eden independent of the others. The box hedges flanking the central walk are so thick and so wide that, seen from the gateway summit, it looks as if a coach and four horses could be driven along the top. But let us descend and visit these box-encircled retreats, each of which would seem to be the very *domus et penetralia* of some particular garden goddess in which she reigns quiet and supreme, with nothing to think of or to do but to transfer the gaze of her well-satisfied eyes from the green walls of her retreat to the flower-decked floor or the sunny sky above. One of these garden courts is sacred to carnations only. Another, and a much larger one, is a surprise such as the visitor could never expect or imagine. It is laid out like a drooping fern leaf, in which every leaf is made of a bed of different old-fashioned flowers. Usually the leaf consists of only one kind of flower. But in others every modern

device is used to produce the effects wished. The highest note is struck by brilliant begonias. But all the rest of the beds are planted with purple, grey, orange, crimson, green and white, lavender, bronze, yellow, and claret. There is one little court bordered with yew, in which the apple, mulberry, medlar, and maple grow, and another that is beautiful all the year round, but, perhaps, prettiest in the very late autumn. An arcade of mellow red brick, part of what was the old garden wall, divides it from a grove into which the eye sees through the arches. Each division with the arch above it is covered with climbing roses or other creepers, and at the foot of the dividing pillars of brick are small beds of bright flowers with a turf border. On the other side is the tall green box hedge, and at intervals, set in the turf, masses of scarlet orange lilies of unusual size and covered with blossom. Large French grey heliotropes also grow against the brick arcade, and clematis, and pale green ivy. The form of the rose garden, also completely embowered in high walls of box, will be understood better from the



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THE ROSE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

illustration than from any description. The pergola runs completely round it, and in the centre is a well-designed summer-house, where it is possible to sit encircled by ring within ring of roses, the inner ones curtaining the sides of this pretty arbour and filling it with perfume. A juniper tree full of fruit is one of the surprises of another box-walled court. In others, again, are vineries and hothouses, some of the latter of good architectural design, and beehives (the bees do not look too happy in their "classic" beehouse), and a long and charming old-fashioned border full of old-world English flowers. The large kitchen gardens are surrounded by a high wall roofed with tile and with projecting eaves. This is excellent for the wall fruit. But it is not easy to fix guttering along such a length of wall, and though the tiles (which are of the Dutch variety) look picturesque, the drip tends to injure plants below. The outer precinct is made by a large arboretum, which, like the Persian "paradise" which Xenophon's ten thousand Greeks saw before the battle of Cunaxa, is "filled with all kinds of trees," though not "with all kinds of beasts," as that paradise was. But not far off is the "Menagerie Lake," on which was formerly a large collection of foreign wildfowl. Running down to this lake and bordering the arboretum is the artificial water which "Capability Brown" flattered himself would awaken the envy of the Thames. It is really very pretty, overhung by fine trees, fringed by natural reeds and rushes, and carrying the eye forward to distant glades in the park. Very fine cedars and oaks stand in this arboretum, many of them apparently dating from days long prior to its construction.

THE PLEASURES AND PERILS OF TIGER-SHOOTING.

THE incident about to be related, and which is only one of many within the personal knowledge of the writer, will serve to show that tiger-shooting, even when indulged in from the comparative security supposed to be afforded by a howdah, is not always the safe and easy pastime that many believe it to be. In the first place, the tiger, though dangerous enough in itself, is by no means the only factor to be considered; for often the very elephant to whom the sportsman's safety is entrusted proves, though perhaps indirectly, the more dangerous of the two; and probably more persons have been injured, or placed in peril of life and limb, from the vagaries of one or other of the elephants present than from the tiger.

In this particular instance, it is true that it was the tiger's savagely determined, yet natural, resistance that placed some of the party in so perilous a position. Yet the danger would have been considerably minimised had the three elephants, hitherto noted for their pluck and steadiness, acted up to their reputation. The scene of this narrative lies in one of the wild and less cultivated districts of Bengal, bordering on huge untractable forest, abounding in game of all kinds, especially tigers. The latter were particularly troublesome, constantly preying upon the cattle belonging to the villages of the semi-savage squatters scattered along the borders. Frequent complaints had been made to the district officials, by these unfortunate people, of the heavy loss constantly inflicted on them, and shooting parties were arranged again and again, but without success, the jungles being too extensive to negotiate successfully with the comparatively small number of elephants available, as it was impossible to locate, with any degree of certainty, the particular portion of the forest the tiger might be in at any given time. However, these depredations became so alarmingly frequent that it was evident some special measures must be adopted to check them. The local shikaris were consulted, and, acting on their advice, some old bullocks were purchased and tied up as baits in an isolated, but heavy, patch of jungle outside the forest, yet close enough to it to entice the tigers to kill, and perhaps lie up for awhile.

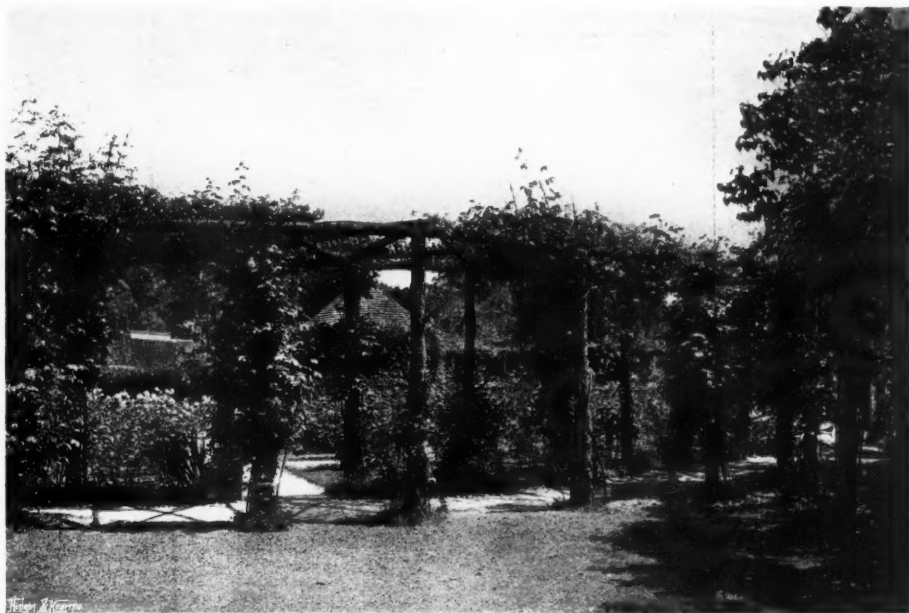
A couple of days later, a party of three of the district officials, who, for convenience sake, may be designated as A., B., and C., having previously sent out their camp, arrived at the spot with three howdahs, and a line of twenty beating elephants. The first news that greeted them on arrival was that one of the baits had been killed the previous night. Being too late to do

anything that day, a beat was arranged for the next morning. Some hours before sunrise the beating elephants were sent out to the cover, and took up their position as silently as possible, being placed so as to drive towards the forest, as it was unlikely the tiger could be induced to break in any other direction. Soon after dawn the howdahs with the three sportsmen arrived, and were posted at intervals within the edge of the forest, concealed, yet commanding the comparatively clear strip of ground between them and the isolated jungle. The intervening space, being about 120yds. wide, would give the guns a fair sporting chance.

The shikaris having posted the howdahs and duly noted their positions, returned to marshal the line, leaving the sportsmen to complete their final preparations, such as placing rifles and cartridges handy, cutting down twigs and branches that might be in their way, etc., and to while away the weary hour or so that must pass before the beat would begin as best they might.

Time, as is usual on such occasions, dragged wearily on. At last the welcome sound made by the elephants crashing through the heavy cover was heard in the distance, and presently a low prolonged rumbling, resembling the approach of an earthquake, came from the right of the advancing line—an indication that some of the elephants had already scented the tiger; and a few minutes later a loud coughing roar, followed by a general squealing, trumpeting, and commotion all along the line, told that he was afoot.

The excitement was now intense, and what with the noise made by the elephants, the shouts and yells of their drivers, and the occasional roars from the tiger, the jungle for the time being was a veritable pandemonium. All this time the occupants of the howdahs, as may well be imagined, were on the very tenterhooks of expectation, each eagerly scanning the space within his vision. Soon A., who was on the extreme left, observed a quick, sinuous movement in the comparatively light grass fringing the cover in front of him, and shortly the head and shoulders of a large tiger showed for an instant. The next moment, with a roar of rage and defiance, at seeing its retreat



PERGOLA SURROUNDING THE ROSE GARDEN AT CASTLE ASHDY.

cut off, it had turned sharp to its left and was galloping down through the grass fronting the howdahs.

The pace he was travelling, and the close assimilation of his black and yellow markings to the lights and shades of the surrounding grass, made him anything but an easy target. Nevertheless, A. emptied both barrels on him. He held on, however, apparently untouched, receiving a similar salute as he tore past the next howdah. But he had still to pass the last one, which, unfortunately for him, was occupied by C., the safest shot of the party, who, taking advantage of a small bit of open about goyds. in front, which the tiger was bound to cross, waited till he had reached it; then, aiming a full length in front, fired, rolling him over in his tracks. The shot, considering the distance and pace, was an excellent one; but, alas! struck too far back to be fatal, and the tiger, quickly picking himself up, stumbled on and gained the shelter of the forest.

The line was now brought up and sent into the forest some distance behind where the tiger had entered, and directed to beat along the edge in half horseshoe formation, the right flank being well advanced with one howdah accompanying it, the left resting on the forest edge.

The other two howdahs were posted some 500yds. in advance. The line advanced, but its progress was necessarily slow, the forest being dense, and in places almost impenetrable; but by dint of tearing away thorny creepers, breaking down branches and such trees as they were able, the elephants managed to make some way, and had proceeded about 200yds. without showing any signs of uneasiness, when one or two elephants on the extreme right commenced rumbling; this was taken up by the others, and soon a roar, followed by the rush of a heavy body ahead, was heard, and almost before there was time to realise that the tiger was again afoot he was charging the line. Fortunately the dense tangle prevented his travelling fast, thus giving B., who occupied the flanking howdah, time to stop him with a shot which apparently took effect, for acknowledging it with a savage roar, the brute turned and disappeared into the thicker cover. The beating elephants, with the exception of two steady tuskers, completely demoralised by this sudden onslaught, had turned and bolted, but were now brought back, and the line being re-formed, again advanced, but were once more put to flight by the tiger. Again and again was the attempt made to drive him forward, but always with the same result, till, finally, the elephants were reduced to such a state of disorganisation that in spite of threats and persuasions they refused to advance again.

The struggle had now continued for more than an hour and a-half, and as there seemed no immediate prospect of a surrender on the part of the tiger, nor any likelihood of his either succumbing to his injuries or being forced to move forward, it was decided to attack him with the howdah elephants, aided by the two steady tuskers—a fairly perilous undertaking considering the state of his temper and the practically unassailable position he occupied; but matters were getting serious, and the sun unpleasantly hot. The other two howdahs were accordingly called back, and some of the line elephants being put in their places as stops, the attack was resumed.

The three howdahs now advanced in a close line, separated by a tusker, the tiger all this time growling savagely, but remaining invisible, for strangely enough he had suddenly changed his tactics and now refused to charge, thus complicating matters considerably. However, as it was obviously necessary that he should show himself, B., taking up his shot-gun, fired it into the jungle. The effect was instantaneous, but scarcely in accordance with the wishes or expectation of the sportsman, who had hardly resumed his rifle when the tiger, with one mighty bound, sprang fairly on to his elephant's head, and with its fore claws round its ears, and the hind embedded in the trunk,

clung there, growling savagely, with ears laid back and lips curled up—a striking picture of savage fury!

In the meanwhile the elephant, maddened with rage and pain, in his frantic efforts to free himself of the unwelcome burden, nearly dislodged both B. and the mahout. Indeed, the former only maintained his position by squatting down in the howdah. How he contrived to hold on to his rifle as well, and, full-cocked as it was, prevent its going off, is a mystery yet to be solved; to make any use of it under the circumstances was, of course, quite impossible, and the struggle, if continued, must eventually have resulted in some serious disaster. Fortunately, the elephant, wearied with its efforts, ceased for awhile. B., seizing his opportunity, stood up, and, holding on with one hand, fired his rifle, pistol-wise, full in the tiger's face, now scarcely 3ft. from his own. To miss at such extremely close quarters was hardly

possible, and the tiger, releasing his hold, dropped off stone dead, the bullet having lodged in his brain.

B. had now time to look around him, and, much to his surprise, found that his own elephant and one of the tuskers were the only members of the attacking force present—the rest nowhere to be seen. He shouted out the news of the tiger's death, and soon, crashing through the jungle from different directions, came the runaways, all bearing unmistakable evidence of what had occurred. C. was minus his hat, his jacket torn to ribands, his howdah at an angle of 45deg., and his face bleeding from scratches. A. was in an equally dilapidated condition, the crown of his pith hat gone, and his howdah front stove in. The tusker's mahout had fared somewhat better, coming off with the loss of his turban only. Each had a different story to tell, but the salient points being similar, they may be related in a few words. It

appeared that as soon as the tiger made his spring, the two howdah elephants and the nearest tusker, panic-stricken at his sudden and furious attack, turned tail and fairly bolted, tearing through the forest utterly regardless of branches, thorns, or creepers, and nearly sweeping the howdahs off in their anxiety to get as far away as possible from the angry, snarling brute. They were eventually pulled up by the jungle becoming too dense to allow of further progress, and though every effort was made to bring them back to B.'s assistance, they refused to move so long as the tiger's growl was still audible.

Thus ended a glorious day of pleasure and perils combined, the last, though apparently forgotten, yet unconsciously recalled to mind when enjoying the recollections of the first.

EMERITUS.



P. Hale Rider.

NOVEMBER.

Copyright

SHOOTING AT ORWELL PARK.

OF the three somewhat similar and very large estates of Orwell, Sudbourne, and Rendlesham, which are the first in point of size, and the most famous for game, along the coast of Suffolk between the Orwell and the Alde Rivers, Orwell Park would generally be allowed to be the most beautiful in point of scenery. The house, of great size, once the home of the Vernons, but greatly added to by the late Colonel Tomline, stands in a fine park sloping boldly down to the broad and navigable Orwell, where at high tide a mile and a-half of water, covered with shipping, lies between the foot of the park and the woods of Wolverton opposite. The estate is of very great size, for it contains some 18,000 acres. From the sporting point of view it could hardly be surpassed, either in soil or situation. It lies entirely between the deeply penetrating estuaries of the Orwell and the Deben Rivers, with its base, roughly, on the line from Ipswich to Woodbridge, from which it stretches to the sea, a distance of some ten miles. The "marine" frontier of the estate reaches from Landguard Fort to Bawdsey Ferry, at the mouth of the Deben, with Felixstowe on the north. Thus there can be no wastage of game whatever, except along the land base. Neither neighbours nor poachers can destroy the stock of birds, or interfere in the least with the plans or wishes of the owner. But this is not all. The soil on so great an estate is naturally not all of one kind; but except for two patches of heavy land, all is highly suitable to game of all sorts, and perhaps as good natural partridge land as there is in England. A great deal was originally heath and bracken, and if let alone it will go back to heath and bracken still. But, partly owing to the efforts of the owner, it is



W. A. Rouch.

THE GUNS.

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kept in cultivation, not even the poorer farms having been abandoned, though there are large areas on it which were always

heath, and have not been meddled with. One of these heaths affords almost unique shooting of an old-fashioned kind. Beaters walk the land on either side of the heath, and keep putting the birds into it sideways and forwards, while the guns walk the heath itself. They thus flush and shoot the game which is on it, and also that which keeps alighting there, while they constantly get crossing driven shots at coveys which are "put in," or, as a football player



W. A. Rouch.

DRAWING LOTS FOR PLACES OR NUMBERS.

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would say, "centred" neatly from the outside, and fly across in front of the line. By many authorities, if not by all, the Orwell partridge-ground is considered to be naturally the best in Suffolk.

But without making comparisons, which are not possible in such a case, and could only be misleading, it is quite safe to say that no one could possibly wish for better ground for these birds, while its capacity for producing wild pheasants over the whole area is, to the present writer, still more astonishing. If it were covered with rough heaths, wide bushy hedgerows, great continuous woods, and broom and gorse enclosures, like Beaulieu, for instance, the success of the wild pheasants and their universal distribution would not be surprising. But on a great part of the property the fields are large, flat, divided by neat small fences, and though coverts are pretty numerous, there are large areas on which the proportion of covert to arable is decidedly small. Yet this ground was full of wild pheasants, which roost not in coverts at all, but in the hedgerow oaks which break the landscape in every direction. In one turnip-field on the actual border of the estate, two miles from any place where tame birds had



W. A. Rouch.

A MISTY MORNING.

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been turned down, thirty-two pheasants were shot for the use of the house, by the keeper and another gun just walking up and down it. In one season when only 2,000 pheasants were reared, 6,000 were shot, figures which, we believe, are equalled on not more than two or three other estates in England.

Part of the ground stands on that very curious formation, the crumbling "crag" of that part of Suffolk, full of late shells and fossils; part is sand; except on the sides it is not well watered, and some loss must be caused by this. But the ground is so light that showers, however heavy, do not matter to the partridges. Only heavy continuous rain damages the stock, and, like other places, Orwell Park was hard hit last year by the sixty hours' deluge, while it by no means escaped in the previous year. When the rains are so torrential as to wash the sand from the banks over the partridges' eggs, or to kill the sitting bird by chill and cramp on the eggs, neither Orwell nor anywhere else can be unscathed. Probably owing to its natural excellence, very few "contrivances" have been used to aid partridges there; but as there can be no change of blood



Rouch.

CAPTAIN E. G. PRETYMAN WAITING.

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while others are exchanged with owners elsewhere. This last year 500 eggs were exchanged with Sir Richard Graham at Netherby,



W. A. Rouch.

A BIG LOT—THE VALLEY DRIVE.

Copyright

on three sides, owing to the boundaries being two broad rivers and the sea, eggs are moved about from different parts of the estate,

and another 500 with Lord Ashburton at the Grange. The keepers from either estate meet halfway, so that the eggs may

have the greatest care possible in transit. Last year, while the Orwell eggs had every chance in Northumberland, and the Suffolk dialect is now doubtless spreading among the Netherby coveys, the Cumberland eggs met with the full rigour of the awful June of 1903, and the greater part of the chicks perished. The nests are carefully looked after on the property, and eggs in dangerous places are put in other nests, which are "made up" to twenty with them. Also eggs are placed under hens, and when the chicks come out some of them are placed under partridges which are just hatching out. That they are doing so is often noted, so the head-keeper says, when they see two partridges sitting on the nest together. Many people see this, and imagine that two hens have laid together and are sitting on the same



W. A. Rouch.

A RIGHT AND LEFT.

Copyright

nest. It is nothing of the kind. As a rule, when the young begin to escape from the shell, the cock bird, who is aware by instinct of what is going on, is at once called up, and takes part of the chicks under him while the hen hatches off the other eggs. The writer believes this to be quite correct, for he has seen a cock bird take half the chicks, which had hatched properly, some yards away, while the hen settled down to hatch off some rather "difficult" eggs which did not break easily. By midday all were hatched, and the two birds brooding the chicks in the next field. There is no doubt that even Orwell Park has felt the results of the two bad years running. In 1902, it was not so much noticed. But it is pretty certain that there, as elsewhere, very many more cocks were left in 1903 than hens, as many of the latter died in the cold of the previous summer, or were so weakened in sitting that they died later. Then, with an overplus of cocks, came the "awful" 1903. That year there was hardly any shooting. But it stands to reason that there must now be a great stock of old cocks, though the birds which did breed this season did very well. In the day's shooting on October 27th, here illustrated, which took place on the Martlesham ground, towards Woodbridge, and about six miles from the park, 204 brace of partridges were shot, 11 pheasants, 26 hares, and 2 rabbits, the start being at eleven o'clock. Rabbits, it may be mentioned, are absolutely killed down. They give no sport whatever on light land, as they can burrow anywhere and never lie out, while they are absolutely destructive in such places to crops or young trees. In good years, 350 brace and 340 brace have been shot on the estate in a day. But the most remarkable feature of the sport it gave was the number of good days. Bags of from 200 brace to 300 brace would be got day after day, and 6,000 birds killed in the season. The ground shot at Martlesham is rather more like that in parts of "High Suffolk" than is that nearer Orwell Park. It is undulating, with small valleys and a general inclination towards the Deben. But perhaps the most remarkable piece of ground for partridge-driving, pure and simple, is on a big flat just on the opposite side of the Felixstowe Railway from that on which the house of Orwell Park stands, at Nacton. It is only a few hundred yards from the decoy woods, and is a wide, flat tract of arable land with large fields, thin hedges, and a good many pheasant coverts on the left. On it are some of the drives which used to be the favourite stands of the late Duke of Cambridge. One of the fields, at the present time a big stubble of about thirty acres, is bounded on the Orwell side by a road, and on the Ipswich side by a wood. On one occasion there had been two drives on to this field, which was then swedes. On the Orwell side of the road is a belt of Scotch fir, and some good shooting had been had over this, and great quantities of birds sent over into the roots. Another drive from the side had previously sent over a number into the same field. But in addition the field, which was a favourite one, was already full of partridges. The result was that by the time the guns had got round to the other side of it, and were going to their places, while the drivers were all lining up in the road, and waiting to move on, the field was, though no one quite knew it, about as full of partridges as ever it could hold. Then happened one of the most mortifying



W. A. Rouch.

MR. C. ADEANE TAKING A HIGH BIRD.

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W. A. Rouch.

A HOT CORNER.

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W. A. Rouch.

RETRIEVING FROM A DITCH.

Copyright

incidents possible to imagine, though the guns did not see it, for they were on the far side of the hedge, and just getting into position. A game-cart came round the corner of the wood, in line with the guns, and just showed at the top far corner of the field. It sprang a covey, which flew into the middle of the swedes, and would have alighted but that the field was so full that it probably came down almost on to the backs of another lot. These jumped up cackling and screaming, and started a "partridge panic." All over the field birds rose in every part, and flew in every direction. Coveys were flying at one another's heads, and charging through each other's ranks. Birds came out left, right, and backwards, and were crossing at all angles. Even so, a heavy bag was made, though the accident spoilt what would have been a record. Colonel Tomline, who had been shooting hard, and naturally did not see all the *contretemps* in the thirty-acre field in front of him, said to his head-keeper,

"What a capital drive!" "Sir," said the keeper; "you have not seen one quarter of them." It was believed that the field held at least 1,000 part ridges.

It is interesting to note in regard to this great game estate the wonderful persistence with which vermin manage to maintain their ground in spite of man. It is not a case where the vermin have ever been allowed to have even a chance. For at least forty years the estate has been thoroughly preserved and thoroughly trapped by a large staff of good keepers, yet vermin manage to crop up in about the regular numbers every year. Like the poor, they are always with us, though in this case, with the sea and two broad rivers on three sides, it might be thought that ground vermin might be really almost exterminated. The guns on the day illustrated were Captain E. G. Pretymann, M.P., Colonel W. S. Kenyon-Slaney, M.P., Mr. C. Adeane, Mr. J. F. Mason, the Hon. H. Bridgeman, and Mr. J. A. Moncreiffe.

LORD MIDDLETON'S HOUNDS.



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THE PACK AT EXERCISE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE sacred country of hill and vale, of wold and woodland, hunted in Yorkshire by the present Lord Middleton, has been for over a century in the hands of two families—those of Sykes and Willoughby. Of this period the Lords Middleton have reigned for fifty-three years, the famous Sir Tatton Sykes, and his father, Sir Mark Sykes, being at the head of affairs for the remaining forty-seven. The seventh Lord Middleton hunted the country for two seasons only, from 1832 to 1834. But this period, though a short one, was important in the history of the pack; for Lord Middleton introduced the blood of Trojan, a hound

which has attained an almost legendary fame in the history of fox-hunting. The modern history of the pack begins, however,

from the days of the present (ninth) Lord Middleton's father. Mr. H. Willoughby, as he was then, had a first-rate foundation to build upon, for Sir Tatton Sykes had the greatest tact, and judgment as a breeder. Thus there is probably no pack in England that combines so many famous lines of blood as may be found in the kennels at Birdsall. The sport shown by this pack over a good, but not very easy, Yorkshire country, demonstrates clearly that the hounds have been bred for work as well as looks. If we take the present entry, so well described by



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ON THE FLAGS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"G. S. L." in the *Field* of September 3rd, we shall find in Daunter a combination of Belvoir, Weathergauge, and Fitzwilliam blood. Well, if we turn back to the entry of 1887, we shall see that the same combination found favour then, and that the blood of Weathergauge, through Belvoir and Gambler, was united with the Fitzwilliam (Milton) in some puppies by that famous hound out of Remedy which was by The Milton Reveller.

If we consider the nature of Lord Middleton's country, where hounds may be racing one day over high wolds carrying a burning scent, and another day hunting in a chain of woodlands, or along a stiff clay vale, we can see how needful is the combination of resolute drive, untiring industry, keen noses, and ringing music which we all know to characterise the families from which these hounds spring. Other strains there are here—a touch of the old Bramham Moor sort, which is, after all, only a variation on the Belvoir, or a strain of the Blankney, or a dash of that famous Brocklesby blood that can carry a scent over the coldest country; and as in the past Brocklesby Albert was a favourite, so now Brocklesby Acrobat, a hound known even to the uninitiated



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DEXTER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the action he has so much admired. The hounds which in the pack give us an idea of swiftness and activity, also convince us when we see them separately of their power and resolution.

Next we come to individual hounds. To one of them, Striver, the Cup puppy of his year, I would draw special attention. His portrait here might well be cut out and hung up before the eyes of a hound-breeder as a model of what a hound should be. Note the shoulders, the slight rise over the loins, and the perfectly-shaped feet. "G. S. L.," who is writing in the *Field* on the kennels of England, cannot find words too strong for his excellence. This hound is by Belvoir Stormer, a hound that is well known among huntsmen for the success of his puppies at this year's shows. Then I would draw attention to the group of ladies. Of these, Valentine, the Cup puppy of 1904, combines Belvoir through Dasher (of the chief family of the Weathergauge line) with Fitzwilliam Grove and Blankney blood. She happens to be as good to look at as she is well bred, and has entered well. This



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REAL LADIES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in hound-lore, and Tapster, from the same kennel, have transmitted their qualities to the third generation at Birdsall. But I must not linger over pedigrees, fascinating as the subject is; our business here is rather to show the results of careful breeding to the eye by the help of the artist. And the practical result of a century of careful selection and combination can be seen well in the picture of some of the pack at exercise. The peculiar value of this picture is the way the artist has caught the character of the action of the pack. I think anyone noting the lightness, freedom, and dash of these hounds in movement, would readily foretell the drive and keenness of their hunting powers. Some of this no doubt is to be attributed to George Leaf, and the excellent traditions of kennel management he brought with him from the Pytchley. But no man can make a pack of short-necked, heavy-shouldered hounds move like those in this picture.

Then the material on which the huntsman had to work may be seen in "On the Flags," where four couple of picked dog hounds are shown. If my reader will look at the hound on the right, and then run his eye along over the group, he will see what bone and substance lie at the foundation

of the chief family of the Weathergauge line) with Fitzwilliam Grove and Blankney blood. She happens to be as good to look at as she is well bred, and has entered well. This

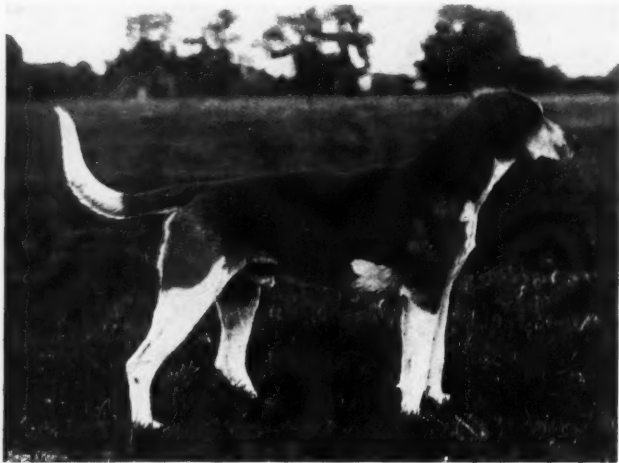


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STRIVER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

bitch is another instance of the combination of Belvoir and Fitzwilliam which has so often been the keynote of hound-breeding in this kennel. In "Good-bye!" you can see what a straight pack they are as they face you, and what intelligence they show; and in a foxhound, as in his master, brains go for something. It has often been a question whether a foxhound can be as wise as he looks, but we know enough of this intelligence to gather that it is wonderfully keen. Good brains and good work go together. I have an idea, which is based on some personal observation, that the Fitzwilliam (Milton) blood brings brains into a kennel. I have just seen a puppy so bred show an amount of intelligence (one might almost call it thoughtfulness). We hunted down to a hedgerow and into a road; then hounds threw up—everyone knows how hard and dusty it has been lately. The pack cast back to the last place where they had touched the line. I watched this puppy (it is his first season); directly he found that the line was not either to the right or left of the hedge, he boldly dashed over the



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VILLAGER.

"C.L."

road into the field beyond, and cast himself, picked up the line, and, throwing his tongue, the pack came to him. There was no scent on the road, and the young hound seemed to think it all out and act accordingly. But to return, Lord Middleton's kennels are models of what they should be, and were built by his father, the late Master. Another feature of the establishment, though that cannot be dwelt on now, is that all the horses for



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VICEROY.

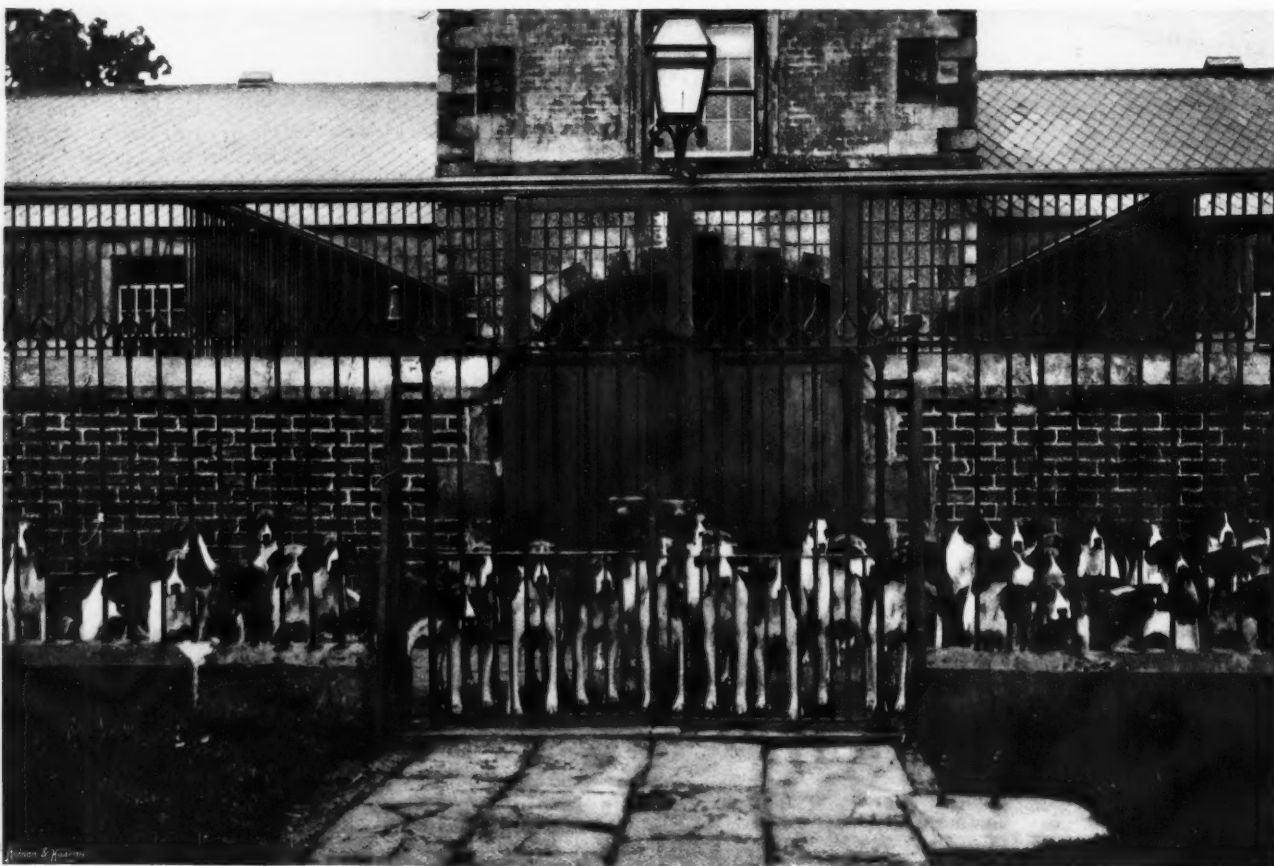
"C.L."

the use of the Hunt are home bred. Lastly, as we note the order and judgment in stud, kennel, and farm at Birdsall, we feel that Lord Middleton is the right man to preside over the Royal Agricultural Society of England in this critical period of its existence. X.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

NATURE'S REGULARITY.

THE amazing regularity of Nature is always the salient fact which arises from a comparison of one's notes for the same period in several consecutive years. No year could be more unlike its predecessors than this, when we have had almost uninterrupted summer from the beginning of June until the end of October, whereas last year and the year before we did not seem to have any summer at all. One would, therefore, expect to see a striking difference between the records for the opening days of November. Yet, as a matter of fact, except in a few details the record of 1902 or 1903 might almost stand without alteration for 1904. In one particular, for instance—as regards the autumnal movement of kingfishers—the entries for the three years on November 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, respectively, read: "Kingfishers appear on small ditches," "Kingfishers at dykes," and "Kingfishers appear on marshes"—all three notes being only different ways of stating the fact that the young kingfishers of the year, driven away by their parents from the streams where they were reared, had arrived at the dykes on the marsh meadows of the coast. When these freeze, they will resort to the tidal waters beyond the sluices; and in other parts of



Copyright.

GOOD-BYE!

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the country their arrival takes place at the estuaries of rivers. But the movement is the same, and it is not a little surprising that only a day or two separates it in such very different years.

COINCIDENCES FROM YEAR TO YEAR.

Other entries which are faithfully repeated on the same three days of the same three years relate to such seemingly isolated facts as that a kestrel was much mobbed by small birds; that a heron was fiercely attacked by rooks and jackdaws; that bramblings, fieldfares, and redwings were to be seen in the hedges and fields; that the migrant pipits seemed to have gone on; that the curlews were temporarily silent or absent; but that the starlings had begun to introduce the call of the curlew into their musical medley on the chimney-pot, and that the flocks of newly-arrived blackbirds seemed to be all males. With other departments of wild life the same parallelism holds in the same three years; for each contains, during the first three days of November, such notes as that the wasps are still busy in the aphid-infested willows, and that immense swarms of gnats appear along the hedgerows at sunset. Most of these entries may seem trivial; but by significant repetition triviality may gain importance.

MIGRANTS OF ONE SEX.

Why, for instance, should the incoming flocks of blackbirds have struck the same observer at the same place and the same date in three successive years as being all males, if they were not; and, if they were, what conclusion as to the habits of blackbirds on migration are we to draw from the coincidence? That chaffinches consort in unisexual flocks at this time we all know, because it is so easy to observe that in some places all the chaffinches have pinkish breasts, and in others all are pale olive-grey in front. The difference between male and female blackbirds, when they consort together, is not so easily observable, because the birds haunt the hedges and, where there are a number of them, they trail away before you one after the other, all looking black on the wing at a little distance. Even with chaffinches, moreover, there is not an absolute rule in the matter; for often in a flock which is practically all female you will see one or two pink-breasted males. In the same way there may be one or two female or male blackbirds in each party of the opposite sex. But the point of interest suggested by the observation, casually repeated in three successive years, that the flocks of immigrant blackbirds seemed to be all males in a certain locality, accords with the observation which has often been made, that flocks of male and female chaffinches seem to go to different localities for the winter. If this is a general rule among chaffinches and blackbirds, it probably prevails also among other gregarious migrants, whose sexes cannot be distinguished at sight; and if there is any such general rule, what is its origin and how does it work?

A HUMAN PARALLEL.

One might, of course, suggest that, as indeed sometimes appears to be the case, there is a tendency on the part of bird families to break up when the young are learning to look after themselves—the males going one way and the females another, and each sex gradually assembling into a separate camp. This would be a very natural general rule (with, of course, numerous exceptions) not only among birds, but among all animals. We have only to observe the marked natural tendency of boys and girls to separate into separate crowds for play, and to consider its manifest advantages, to understand the likelihood of such a rule being general among gregarious creatures. That it should not have been generally noticed is natural also; for, as a rule, even when the adult males and females differ in appearance, the young of both sexes are usually similar and resemble their female parent.

LOCALITY AND SEX.

If, then, we suppose that there is, not only among chaffinches, but also among blackbirds and all birds which migrate in companies, a tendency to separate into unisexual flocks, is there a further rule that the males and females should usually go to their own localities year after year? If so, one would suppose that the superior strength and enterprise of the males might carry them further than the females, or, on the other hand, the same qualities might enable them to stand severer weather, so that they would not go so far. But the whole enquiry rests, after all, on nothing more substantial than certain inconclusive entries in a note-book regarding the apparent sex of incoming blackbirds, and I have only followed it up as showing how even the most trivial circumstances may be worth noting in the fields.

INTOLERANT FOREIGNERS.

As another instance of this take the entries regarding the mobbing of kestrels by small birds and of a heron by rooks. From general recollection of what one sees out-of-doors, one would say that these are ordinary everyday occurrences, which may be interesting to watch, but not worth noting down. But the reason that they were noted down was that at that particular date, November 1st to 3rd, they had some novelty in that locality. Kestrels are the only birds of prey seen there in summer, and there is a heronry not far off; and both kestrels and herons are usually allowed to pass and repass without attracting attention from other birds. When, therefore, at the beginning of November, clouds of small birds viciously mob the kestrel (the same thing having been observed somewhat earlier on the part of the "assembled" house-martins), and rooks similarly attack the heron, one begins to seek for the reason, and is reminded that it is also at this period, after the arrival of foreign migrants, that small birds show an inclination occasionally to follow up a dog, hovering over it as if contemplating attack. The conclusion might be that these birds come from regions where, for some reason, small birds have not learned to be tolerant of kestrels and dogs, nor rooks of herons. Apart from the interest of the fact, it might give us a clue to the regions from which our migrants come. As before, however, the whole enquiry rests upon too slight a basis to be seriously followed, although the suggestion might be valuable, should other facts be forthcoming to point in the same direction.

A COINCIDENT PHENOMENON.

Incidentally, too, another coincidence from the same pages of the same three note-books may be mentioned. Most of us are familiar with those curious booming sounds which are occasionally audible in some places, and are rather lamely ascribed to artillery practising at a great distance. In India, near Calcutta, these sounds are very distinct and loud in certain states of the atmosphere, and are known as the "Barrisal Guns," although they appear to come from the wild jungle-delta of the Sunderbunds. On a much

smaller scale similar sounds are audible at certain times and seasons on the marsh levels of the North Norfolk coast, where they suggest the muffled echo of distant guns. It is interesting, however, that the sounds were only noted in 1903 on November 3rd, and in 1904 up to date only on November 2nd, and that on each occasion the wind had the same peculiarity, namely, that it was west below and, as could be seen by the movement of the upper clouds, north above. This may very well be only a chance coincidence; but it helps to show how useful the habit may be of jotting down whatever attracts one's notice in the country-side from day to day.

MISSING BIRDS.

The most ordinary use of a diary is, however, less to bring out significant coincidences than to show the difference between one season and another. Thus, although in general there is remarkable similarity between the records for the beginning of November during the last three years, the entry on November 2nd, 1902, that the little buntings had gone, reminds us that these extremely rare little birds have not visited us since; while the record of Brent geese seen here on November 1st, 1901, has also not been repeated. But in spite of the remarkable dissimilarity in weather between this year and its immediate predecessors, the only real difference in the ordinary migration of the season appears to be that the foreign goldcrests, which appeared on the coast of North Norfolk during the first three days of November in each of the previous years, failed to do so this year.

E. K. R.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WEIGHT OF POTATOES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A great deal is said and written about improved potatoes, and marvellous results have been obtained from the Up-to-date potato which has flourished so remarkably of late years. In South Lincolnshire Mr. Mawby, a farmer, reports that a potato of that sort, grown on his farm, weighed 4½ lb., and another grower sends an account of one weighing 4 lb. 7 oz. An additional merit of the Up-to-date is that the yield is so great, as much as 1cwt. being raised from 1 lb. in the aggregate. The Utopia predicted by Darwin has not yet been gained of a disease-proof potato. That great scientist believed in the possibility, by careful selection and propagation, and if such a production could be established it would be "up-to-date," indeed, in the estimation of the growers of this useful vegetable, which is one of the staple foods of the community. The National Potato Society has "set its mind" towards the discovery of this much-to-be-desired tuber which shall be immune to this plague, and their researches and experiments will be watched with much interest by growers generally. Sometimes a "hark back" to the original is of great benefit in livestock and in vegetable stock. Would it be possible to "hark back" to the original potato, as history tells us, "first introduced into this country by Sir Walter Raleigh," I believe from Virginia, certainly from America? The Up-to-date, and other fine "exotics," might turn up their aristocratic noses—perhaps eyes would be more correct in potatoes—at such an alliance with "natives," but a cross might produce good results, and would be well worth a trial if it could be accomplished. Probably no picture, or account, of the size of the tubers brought by Sir Walter exists, but if such could be found it would be of great interest to all those who like to "go to the root" of everything.—

MARGARET RICH.



IRISH INGENUITY—A BOULDER PIGSTY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The natural, even rude, originality of the Irish Celt is well known. Here is an example of it. A boulder has fallen from the mountain and lodged by the roadside, and Johnnie, who lives in a cabin about 100 yds. further along, has converted it into a pigsty. It took some thought, much trouble and work, to construct the roof and arrange the opening so that it could be securely sealed up at night with a large stone, but Johnnie did not mind that. The mere fact of the possibility of turning Nature's derelict into use, and the contrivances necessary to effect that purpose, made the work a true pleasure. There is always a trait of artistic sentiment in the Irishman, and therein lies the real difference between Celt and Saxon. Your English peasant would hardly have thought of the plan; if he had, his cool, reasoning faculties would have persuaded him that a pigsty so far removed from his cottage was not advantageous, and also that the same amount of labour involved in converting the monolith into a domicile would be better spent in constructing a properly-arranged, stone-built pighouse close to his own doors.

This particular boulder pigsty is to be found on the road to Salruck, just after leaving the main road from Tully to Leenane, in Connemara.—J. HARRIS STONE, M.A.

PARTRIDGE HYBRIDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of October 29th a question was raised by Mr. Claud F. Druitt as to the occurrence of hybrids between the common and red-legged partridge. Your correspondent remarks on the presence of "two unusual feathers . . . being marked with transverse bars like the female common partridge" having occurred in a specimen of the red-legged bird, and which lead him to suspect hybridisation. This is very easy of explanation. The birds that Mr. Druitt shot were red-legged partridges of the year, and the feathers he noticed were those which clothe the bird before the first moult into the full plumage, and these particular feathers had not been moulted out at the time he killed them. In the moulting of birds the feathers of the wings are not cast all at the same time, as this would render the bird a cripple, and it would fall an easy prey to enemies. The primaries are moulted partially in this way, leaving enough old feathers for the bird to go on with, and the same number are moulted on each wing at the same time, so that the bird is not lop-sided. I have frequently shot French partridges in this transition state mentioned by Mr. Druitt, and the question has often been raised as to whether they were hybrids. As Mr. Druitt offers to forward the skin for inspection I should be very glad to see it, in order to compare it with those which I have frequently killed. The common starling is a bird which also affords a great contrast in this respect, and I have often killed them in a partial moult, part of the bird being clad in the dull thrush-coloured feathers of the immature plumage, interspersed with the dark and spotted feathers of the more mature specimen.

As to the question as to the interbreeding of the red-legged and common partridge, I think that this very rarely takes place, and I have never seen any signs to indicate it apart from those mentioned above, which may often have caused the supposition.—R. G. GWATKIN, The Manor House, Potterne, Devizes.

CAN ANIMALS REASON?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I cannot quite understand why Mr. A. Meek should say that the insect which I described as a bot-fly in the article under the above title was not a bot-fly. It was *Gastrophilus equi*, the creature which I have always known as the horse bot-fly, although, as I noticed, the books sometimes call it "bot-fly" and sometimes "gad-fly." Nor can I understand why Mr. Meek should say that the bot-fly "does not cause the least disturbance to a horse when depositing her eggs," since it is the disturbance of the horse which attracts attention to the fly, and the disturbance is always so marked as to be explained in the books by the theory that the horse has an "instinctive" dread of the bot-fly. If Mr. Meek is acquainted with horses which are really not disturbed in the least by the presence of the bot-fly, the fact would be interesting.—E. KAY ROBINSON.

A POINT IN ORNITHOLOGY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In the spring of this year I chanced to pick up from a nest in a hen's sitting-box an egg, which I was told was within three days of hatching out. Gently shaking this to discover whether or no the egg might be a good one, my companion remonstrated, and suggested that I was doing the best thing I possibly could do to kill the chick within. Passing by a church some few days after, I noticed a starling dart rapidly out of the belfry tower, and, looking more closely, discovered the evident signs of many nests built high up near the bells outside the tower, and, from what I could judge, in the belfry itself. The thought at once struck me that the vibration set up by the ringing of

the chimes must be very much more severe on the eggs in the nests than the comparatively gentle handling the particular egg referred to had received at my hands. Assuming that the bells are rung twice on Sunday, and also—the case in many parishes—on one evening of the week for practice, the vibration produced from the clang of the chimes of six or eight huge bells in close proximity to the birds' nests I should have imagined more than sufficient to addle any egg—more particularly as I was once given to understand there is a certain oscillation in the tower itself when bells are being rung. We are, most of us, very familiar with the bird-life which is so charming an adjunct of our ruined castles and abbeys. Without the pleasant flutter of wings, and the always interesting chatter of the feathered congregation, such historic remains as Tintern Abbey, Ludlow or Conway Castles would, indeed, be robbed of one of their most romantic features. The jackdaw shows great wisdom in selecting so secluded a bower in which to rear a family; and yet the same bird, endowed, as it undoubtedly is, with a high degree of intelligence, will, should necessity arise, not scruple to avail herself of the doubtful environment of a noisy belfry tower in preference to a tree top. Perhaps some of your readers, more versed than your correspondent in ornithological studies, could elucidate this interesting point.—C. C.



THE WELL OF ST. PANCRAS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I do not know whether you will consider the enclosed photograph of sufficient interest to insert in your paper. I was driving through the part of Dartmoor called Widecombe, where I was much struck with the quaint old well. After securing the photograph I looked in a large number of guide-books, old histories of Devon, etc., but there is small reference to the well, beyond that it is called after the patron saint of the church at Widecombe, viz., St. Pancras. As there was a church at

Widecombe in Saxon times, also a village, no doubt it received the name at the same time as the church. The rector of Widecombe, who has made great research of the antiquities of the parish, writes me "that it is a spring never known to run dry. Until three years ago every house in Widecombe depended upon it for water. When the granite erection, which encloses the well, was built, I cannot ascertain, but from the appearance it must have been hundreds of years ago." No doubt, being the only water supply, it was carefully guarded, as there are very strong hasps where a small gate or lid must have hung.—ALICE S. BRADFORD.

A PRIMITIVE THRESHING-MACHINE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send a photograph of a curious threshing scene near Caudebec. The photograph is not very good, but I had to take the negative in the evening when the light was very poor. The following particulars may be of interest if you find the photograph worth using. While strolling down one of the by-lanes near Caudebec, I heard a curious clacking noise proceeding from an adjoining farmyard. My curiosity was aroused, and making my way into the farmyard I saw an animated scene. Drawn up against a picturesque thatched barn, whose mossy roof was rich with glowing colour, was a threshing-machine. The motive power was an old horse, who eloquently testified from his appearance that a good square meal would be very welcome. He was hitched up by a halter fastened round his head to a pole at the end of



an inclined plane, upon which he stood, and which moved downwards, impelled by the weight of the horse. As he was carried down, the head-rope became taut, and so, of course, he clambered up again, constantly walking, but never getting any further. Thus he produced the necessary power to work the machine. Every few minutes the endless band upon which he was treading was stopped, for it was evidently very trying work, and the horse had to be frequently rested.—JAMES SHAW.